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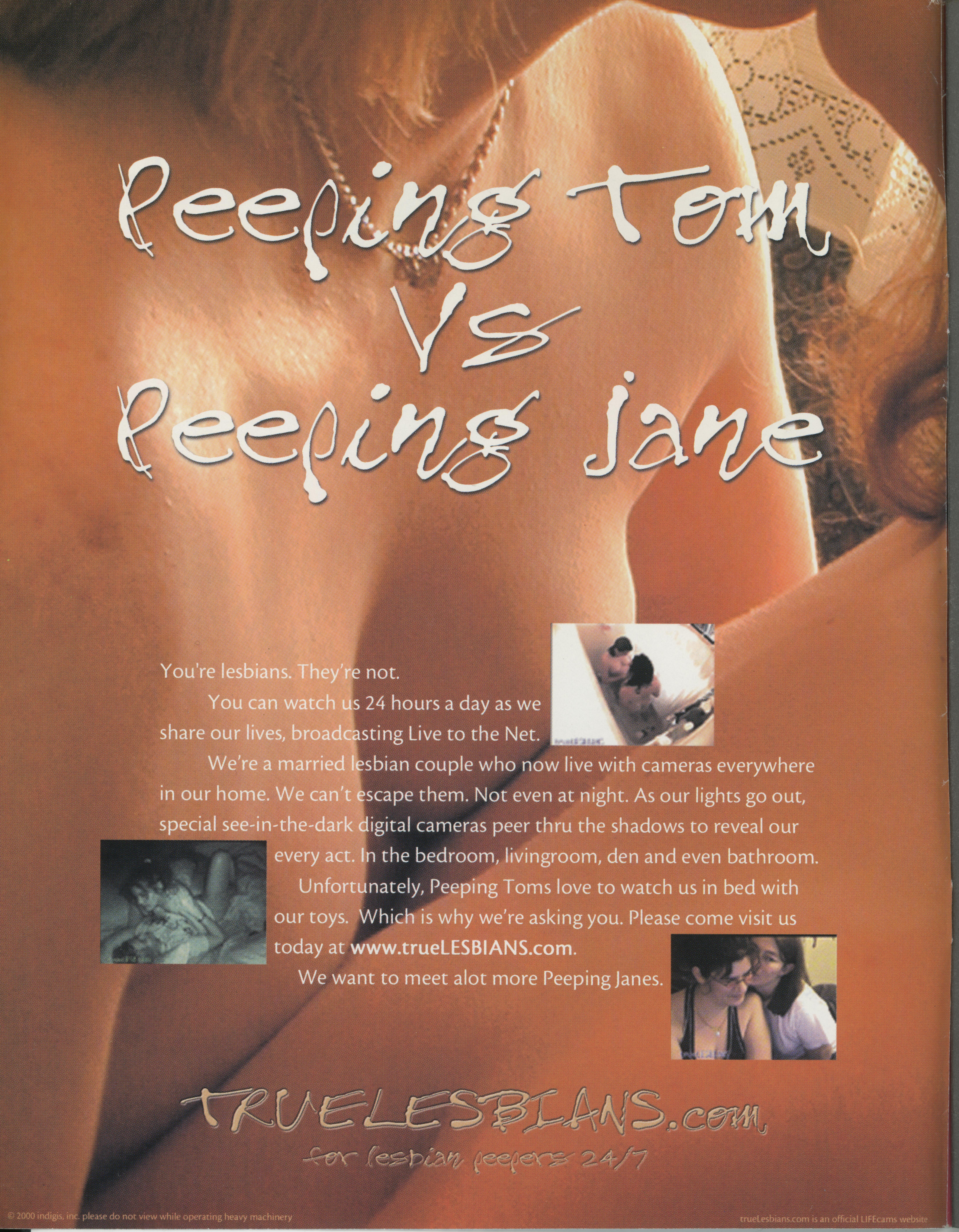

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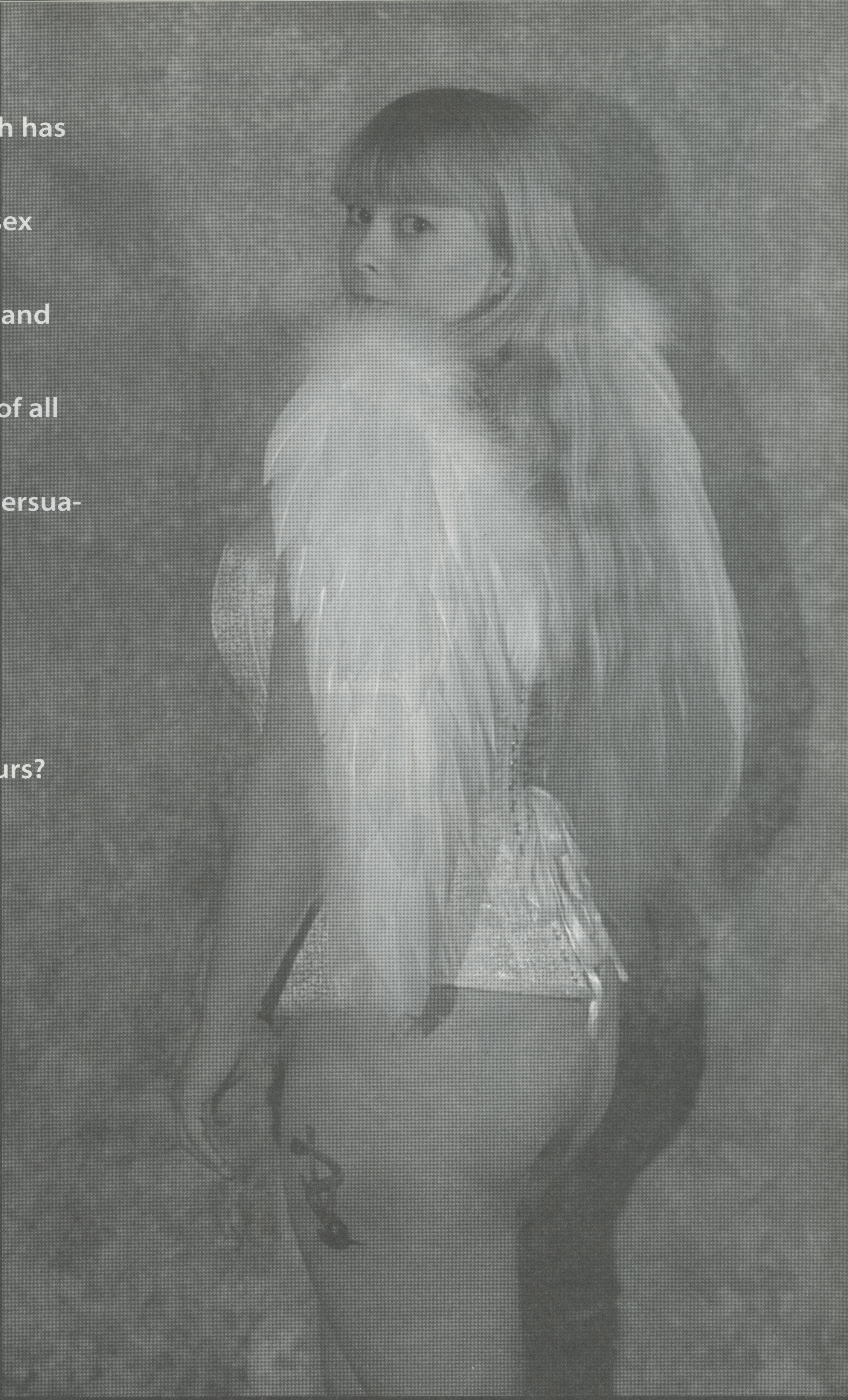

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Volume15 . Issue01

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associate editor Lindsay McClune
editorial assistants Rachel Kramer Bussel, Egidio Cianfarani, Heron Doe, Katherine Love
copy editors Lisa Guderjohn, Yetta Howard
contributing editors Nina Hartley, Rachel Venning, Lolita Wolf
contributing writers Pat Califia, Teresa Cooper, Laurie Toby Edison, Jennifer Jen, Debbie Notkin, Anna Lingus
art director Ethan Duran
art assistant Beverly Paet
associate photographers Phyllis Christoper, Michele Serchuk
contributing photographers Darlene Weide
contributing artists Rosemary Van Deuren, Fish, Michelle Bolong
associate publisher Catherine Draper
account manager Robyn Head
marketing director Holly Ian Myszenski
marketing assistant Bethany C. Maxwell

H. A. F. Enterprises
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editor in chief Heather Findlay

3415 César Chávez, Suite 101
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phone 415.648.9464
fax 415.648.4705
editorial@onourbacksmag.com

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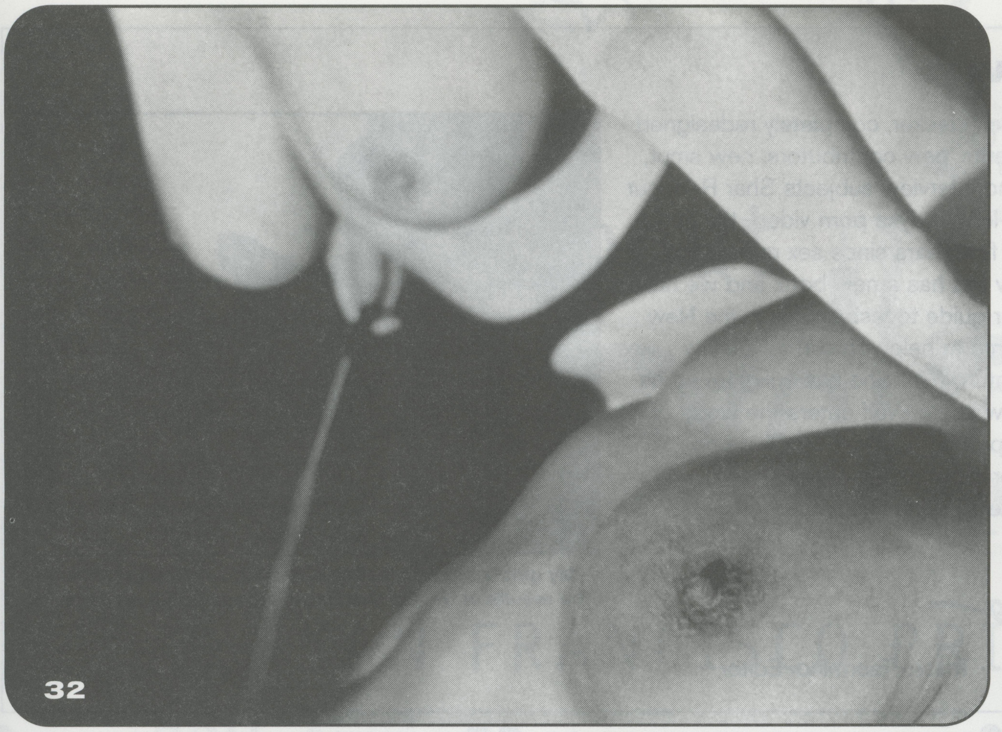
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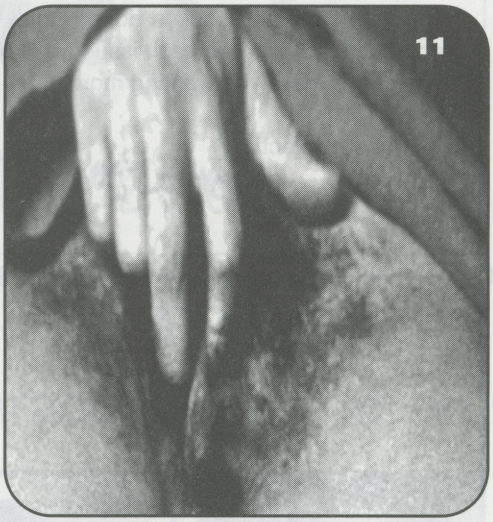
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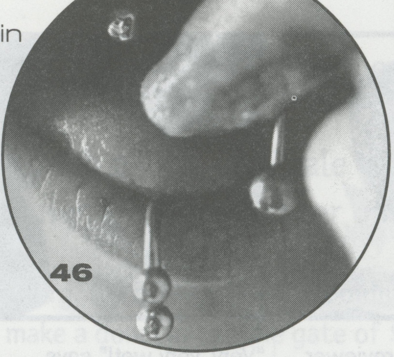
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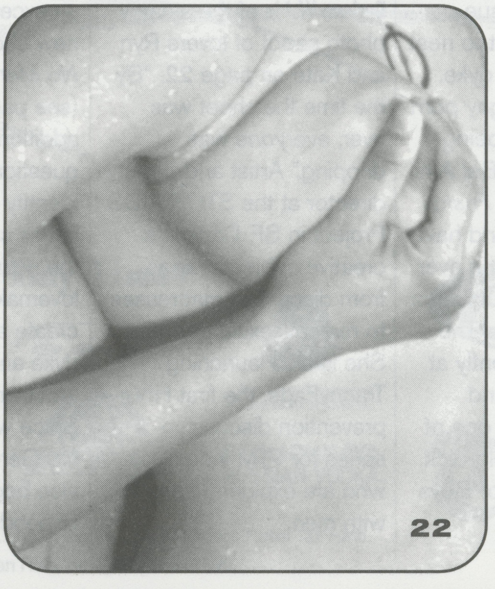
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Brand Spankin' New

Welcome to the new **On Our Backs**–sharper, sleeker, completely redesigned for your pleasure. A new look, new departments, new contributors, new smut, all for you! Speaking of new, cover babes and interview subjects Shar Rednour and Jackie Strano have produced a new full-length dyke porn video–the first one released in almost 10 years! It's been a few years since sex radical Pat Califia penned an erotica collection, but now Pat has a new book and *we* have an exclusive excerpt. In our efforts to be your guide to lesbian sex in the New Millennium, we've added a Web review column to help you surf for quality smut on the Net. We also have a new Adventure Girl! She has enlightened us with How-To columns in past issues, and now Lolita Wolf enters the world of sexual superhero-dom. And our very own superhero Lindsay McClune has been promoted to Associate Editor. Don't forget to check out our new department "Climax": in each issue, we'll give you one final photo we promise will leave you wanting more...

with lube + affection,

Tristan Taormino

Tristan Taormino, Editor

JANET RYAN

My girlfriend and I testing some slippery stuff–check out the results of the *On Our Backs* lube roundup on page 18.

contributors

Rosemary Van Deuren loves to draw naked girls, *a lot*. "If you could try to make your work a little less... uh... *sexually charged*...," her high school art teacher told her. Get your own charge out of Rosemary's naked girls on page 39. In addition to magazine illustration and commissioned artwork, she is currently working on a comic book of short stories. Her fetishes include big noses, body hair, and big butts.

Teresa Cooper, our reviewer of fag porn this issue (page 20), is way too neat and faggy to be a dyke. "I got hooked on gay porn immediately after being introduced to the Bel Ami boys in the earlier *Frisky Summer* videos, and have been writing about it ever since." She also publishes and edits the 'zine "The Fish Tank," is currently at work on a novel, and doubles as T-Rok, one of the super-homo, big-dick swinging BackDoor Boys drag king troupe.

"Very, very wet!" says **Darlene Weide** of the steamy photo shoot of lovers Ryn and Kate on page 22. "By the time the shoot was over, *everyone* was dripping." Artist and deputy director at the STOP AIDS Project in SF, Darlene's creative subjects range from discarded mattresses to radical sexual portraits. She is also launching TrannyFags, the first HIV-prevention discussion series for FTM individuals who are exploring sex with men.

"Love Sees No Gender" is an excerpt from **Pat Califia**'s new short-story collection, *No Mercy* (Alyson) (see page 40). "In addition to raising hard questions about the identity of both participants in this story, and capturing the nuances of real-life lovemaking, I intended to create a bridge between dyke and transgendered eroticism," says Califia. Since writing "Love Sees No Gender," Califia has also begun the process of gender transition.

A freelance writer for nearly 20 years, **Jennifer Jen**'s work has appeared in a wide variety of magazines ranging from *Arizona Highways* to *Cats*. She has been in and out of the hospital lately, mostly in, which means she hasn't had time to do much writing. "This photo of me was taken a few years ago when I was healthy, happy, and horny. I'm no longer healthy and happy, and only on occasion am I horny. Well, there is this nurse at the hospital..."

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letters

Pretty Fucked Up

Cheers for "A Girl Like That" (February/March 2000). If I could find a girl like that, I'd be a happily married femme. Jeers for the whiny little lesbians who wrote to the editor last time complaining of trannyboys, cocks, and "unattractive" women. Hey, our lesbiaNation is diverse. If you don't like it, leave and publish your own magazine where all you pretty (fucked up) girls can worship each other!

Marcia Wall
New Orleans, Louisiana

Alterna-Assholes

I thought the alternative lifestyle community was supposed to be a lot more open-minded than the straight and narrow. You wouldn't think so by the negative feedback from some of the readers. They should be ashamed!

Sarah K.
Portland, Oregon

Femmes Forever

I find **On Our Backs**' photos and stories a little too butch. I understand that you have a wide range of readers, and all tastes must be represented, but I think the balance should even out more. And please, more big attractive women and femme women; too many skinny girls give me the creeps.

Rachel S
Via the Internet

Check out China, our pinup girl this issue on page 12! We do agree that femmes of all sizes are fabulous!

Bi Any Other Name

I was delighted to see you acknowledge Anne ("Anne Handled," October/November 1999) as "bi...and proud" on the Letters page of February/March 2000. I'd like to see more discussion of bi women's sexuality in your magazine, rather than just an afterthought mention. After all, many of your readers (and perhaps some of your staffers) are bisexual...and proud too!

Amy Andre
San Francisco, California

P.S. Can we have more, more, more photos and erotic stories featuring women of color, please?

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Here we are at the Dyke March in San Francisco 1999 getting girls to show us their tits, and swap spit.

Fat Flirting

I want to thank you for your article "How to Flirt for Fat Girls" (October/November 1999). I have been struggling with self-esteem issues around my weight and how others view me sexually. Thank you for opening up my eyes and showing me that weight is nothing to be ashamed of, without including all of the political garbage that usually comes with such articles.

Ruth R.
Via the Internet

Lesbian Legitimacy

I was blown away by the reply from your staff to the letter entitled "Dick Dominance" on the letters page in your February/March 2000 issue. I find it insightful, very truthful, and beautiful. I was born in a male body but I am a lesbian. When I watch lesbian movies or read lesbian love stories I sometimes cry as I wonder if I will ever be accepted by other lesbians as a lesbian. The reply to "Dick Dominance" really helped seal my feelings on the issue. It doesn't matter if some lesbians do or don't accept me for who I am, it's who I accept myself to be.

Amber W.
Illinois

Big Butts

I am a large woman and I am interested in buying a leather dildo harness. I have searched many Web sites and found that the size only goes to a 54" hip size. I am a 58" and wondered if you could maybe help me by referring me to anyone you know that customizes in harnesses in my size? Thank you for featuring big girls in your magazine. It makes your magazine real.

Kathy Bauder,
Canton, Georgia

You could try Aslan Leather (www.aslanleather.com), or Stormy Leather (www.stormyleather.com), two companies committed to women of all sizes. Also, many leather stores do make custom leather clothing, and might be able to custom-make you a leather dildo harness in your own design.

Creaming for Carol

Welcome Tristan Taormino! Your debut issue saved the day for me. I've been a huge fan of **On Our Backs**. But recently I've just been bored with it. The only thing I still read religiously is Nina Hartley's advice column, (speaking of Nina, how about getting her and her wife Bobby in a photo spread?) However, seeing Carol Queen on the cover (finally) and you as the new editor has renewed my hope in the volcanic capabilities of **On Our Backs**.

Eva Incze
Oberursel, Germany

Suck This, Bush

I love the elegant sweet shot of Carol Queen and two friends on the cover (February/March 2000). The bondage puppies and the bondage fairy queen are too adorable! But–in your cheers and jeers section, my stomach lurched when I came across the quote from George Bush. He's a father who doesn't want his daughter strong, brave, intelligent and upright, but wants his "little girls" to be weak, weepy, dependent on daddy–and afraid of frogs! (Think about what the frog symbolizes!) Am I the only one who sees how sick this is?

Donna Barr
Bremerton, Washington

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Master and Slave

by Lolita Wolf

illustration by Fish

I have always had the fantasy of owning a woman as my slave: a woman I could be in charge of making all the decisions for, a woman to be my property, for me to do with as I pleased.

I understand the difference between fantasy and reality, though, and know that would never happen. It would certainly never happen with my current girlfriend of two years! As much as Peggy is gorgeous, has given me many orgasms, and keeps me happy, she is also willful and stubborn, with outspoken opinions. She was aware of my desire, but also was quite clear that she would never be my slave.

One day, out of the blue, Peggy suggested that we negotiate a contract to be Master and slave for a weekend. I was thrilled that she wanted to explore and fulfill my wish. But I also knew that in order to make it work, we would have to make it fair.

We went to an outrageously stupid workshop on dominance and submission at The Eulenspiegel Society (TES), an SM support group in New York City. Although most of the workshops at TES are very useful and informative, this one was given by someone who was not quite rooted in reality. One of the handouts given was Jonathan Kay's "128 Basic Rules for Slaves," an Internet document we both found to be extremely contradictory. Although we laughed and made fun of the document as we read it, we did find *some* rules that made sense to us.

I suggested that this document be the starting point for our contract negotiation. I believe that any tool that enables two people to sit down and discuss or negotiate their relationship is very helpful, even if you both agree to disagree with it. As ridiculous as it was, it made us think, discuss, and mold our *own* rules for our contract.

We decided that the contract would be for the weekend of International Ms. Leather in Atlanta. It had a specific starting time and specific ending time. It was not a legal document, but we decided to honor it until the end of the agreed time: a serious commitment for us. The contract defined the responsibilities of both the Master and the slave:

Both parties agree to be honest and agree to open communication. Both parties agree to the care and protection of the other's well-being, psychological, physical, sexual, social, and emotional health. Peggy trusts Lolita's skills and sense of responsibility.

Because we always play with safewords (even though they are rarely used), we included them as a "loophole" in our contract. For example, Peggy has an asthma condition that she can feel coming on before I notice, and needs the ability to alert me so that I can give her the inhaler or take her out of a smoky space.

As we were going to a big conference where Peggy was a presenter, we established goals for the weekend:

The goals for the weekend include meeting new people and making contacts, learning both in and out of the workshops, playing with each other and possibly others, as well as exploring a new way of relating to each other, as Master and slave. This is a serious document; however, fun and mutual pleasure is a prime objective.

The contract also described appropriate behavior for us at the conference, the play parties, and in public places. It also covered Peggy's behavior when she was not in my presence–her dress, the limits to our play, and what items she needed to pack: vibrator, lube (not strawberry), butt plug, condoms, gloves, oil-tanned whips and Clarence, her stuffed animal. It also dealt with practicalities such as a budget for the weekend.

A weekend budget of $125 cash has been decided upon. Each party will contribute 50 percent. Lolita is in control of the money.

Additionally, Peggy's input and feedback was encouraged and valued. All problems had to be discussed.

When the contract was finished, we printed up copies on nice paper, signed them and waited for the big weekend to arrive. We had a blast! I took my responsibility to care for her very seriously. The most difficult thing was making sure that she was fed on a regular basis, because these events can get kind of crazy. Her behavior was impeccable, so there was no need to punish her. She found herself pleasantly surprised at how easy it was to be my slave, while I was thrilled to be living out one of my biggest fantasies.

She looked perfect in her locked leather collar and leather shorty-shorts. We went to a play party that Saturday night, where I strung her up and whipped her back. We got into our special rhythm with the single tail thwacking her in just the right spots at just the right beat (she came just from that whipping). It was really beautiful. I came up behind her and held her and told her how much I loved her and how proud I was that she was mine. Our sex that weekend was glorious.

Afterwards, we reflected on the weekend and realized that the experience of negotiating the contract had helped us define our entire relationship a little bit better and that many of the rules carried over into our regular interactions. The experience has strengthened the bond in our relationship. Even though we are equals, there is a greater understanding and a sexier aura around us.

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail editorial@onourbacksmag.com

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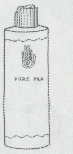

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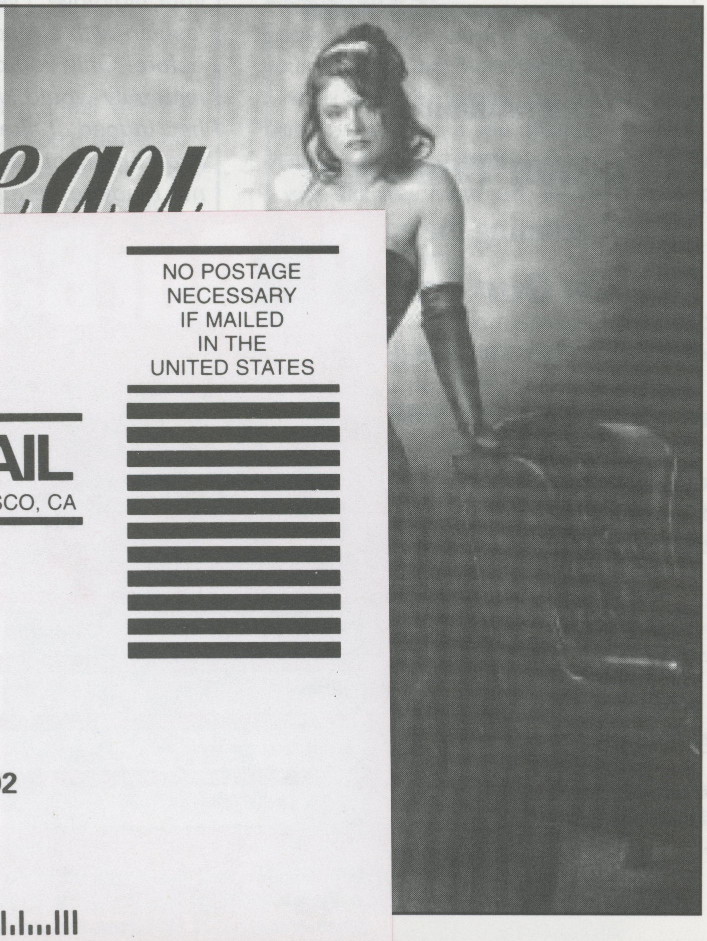

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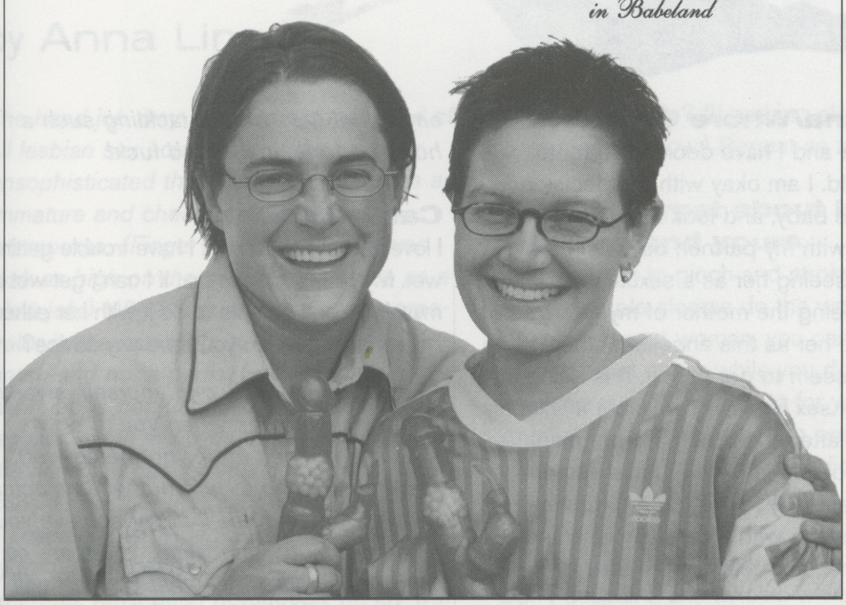

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Probe Nina

CHLOE ATKINS

Madonna/Whore Complex

My partner and I have decided to try to have a child. I am okay with the decision to have the baby, and look forward to parenting with my partner, but I am having problems seeing her as a sexual person without seeing the mother of my future baby. I see her as this angelic mother figure and can't seem to get past it. It is killing our once-great sex life, and I fear that it will only get worse after she is actually pregnant. A second problem is that we have decided that the best way for us to get pregnant is for her to sleep with a carefully selected male partner, and that creeps me out.

This issue has brought up some very important issues that must be addressed before any attempt is made to impregnate your lady love. I've never encountered a lesbian with a Madonna/whore complex before! Only you can figure out why her maternity would kill your sexual desire for her. Indeed, it already has, and she's not even pregnant. Is it possible that you are not ready to be a parent? For women, repressed anger is frequently expressed through decreased libido; are there feelings and emotions you are withholding from her? Do you feel pressured into parenting a child with her? Are all your friends doing it? Get busy and find out the answers to these questions and the others that will arise. If her sleeping with a male partner creeps you out, don't proceed with the plan until or unless that feeling changes. It would be a disaster in the making for you to go along with such behavior if you can't support it with graciousness and gratitude. You don't say why alternative insemination is unacceptable, but it is an option—either by a known donor (and the turkey baster method) or through a sperm bank. Babies need to be made out of love, not guilt, inertia, or resentment. Clear up your emotional field before tackling such a huge undertaking. Good luck!

Can't Get Wet

I love to masturbate, but I have trouble getting wet. My girlfriend says that if I can't get wet by myself, I won't be able to do it with her either. I'm so frustrated, do you have any advice?

First, have patience with yourself, sweetie! If you kick yourself when you're down (beating yourself up for not being wet), you'll stop trying to find out what is actually going on, and you'll never achieve your desired goal of lubricating. There are no "shoulds" in life, only what is. Start with where you are and don't spend too much emotional energy on where you think you're supposed to be. Keep in mind that lubrication is one way to gauge arousal, but it's not the only way. Your general wellness, your menstrual cycle, your diet, dehydration, exercise, stress levels, medications, and other factors all affect how wet you get. Check out Betty Dodson's book, Sex for One, and her video series. Watch these movies alone, and do the exercises alone. When you feel you have a handle on it, you can share what you've learned with your girlfriend. You cannot rush this process. Her ego should not be tied up in how wet you are or your orgasm: it will only suppress your ability to let go and feel pleasure, and will cause anger and resentment (two sex killers). Developing this skill will take the time that it takes, period. Developing sexual skills inevitably leads to increased self-awareness and understanding. It's something to look forward to, even if the trip there is painful at times. Happy stroking!

Nina Hartley is a porn star and registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com

Give a Hot Hand Job

by Anna Lingus

The hand job may be the most maligned of all lesbian sex acts. Most of the sexually unsophisticated think of the hand job as an immature and cheap replacement for intercourse. (Finger fucking doesn't even rank as high on the sexual totem pole as a blow job.) Why? Because the main perpetrator in the hand job is, of course, a hand–and not a penis. Even though the hand job is not just for dykes, like all lesbian sex in the eyes of the mainstream, the hand job has the misfortune of being considered "not the real thing."

Lesbians, as evidenced throughout history from 16th-century gynecological tracts to Freud, have been notoriously handy with their goddess-given equipment–so much so that the hand has been nominated by some queer theorists as the "lesbian phallus," the primary lesbian sex organ, and the symbol of dyke desire.

Let us not forget that a well-delivered diddling can deliver a mind-blowing orgasm just as well as anything else. One can actually practice and perfect techniques toward becoming an expert in the area of hand jobs. Here are some, er, pointers:

1. Find out about her solo sex practices.
How often does she masturbate? Does she like her digits to do the work or does she prefer a vibrator? If she's a frequent hands-on wanker when she's alone, chances are very good she'd like you to do the same when you're together.

2. Ask her to jill off for you.
You can learn a lot by watching her technique of getting herself off. Does she rub on top of the clitoral hood, to the side of it, or does she pull back the hood and rub directly on her clit? Does she stick her fingers in her pussy or up her ass while she's working her clit? Does she supplement with a dildo? (If nothing else, you'll get a steamy show.) Repeat as necessary.

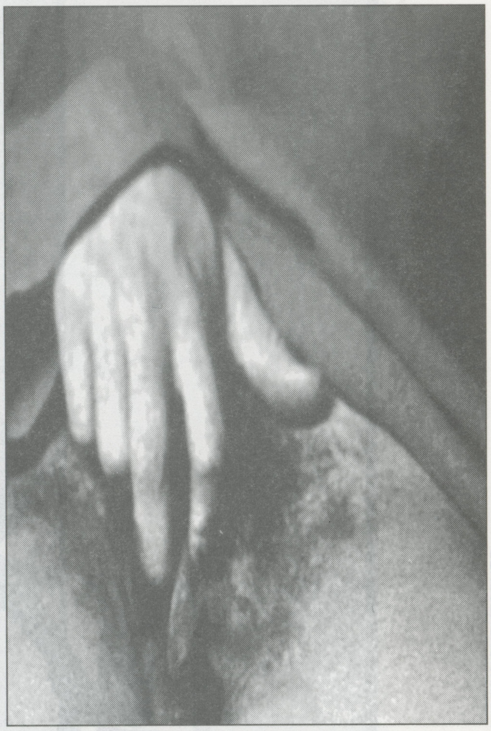
3. Don't forget about her breasts—and yours.
Take time out to pinch and stroke her titties, or have nipple clamps do the work for you. If she's a breast woman, you can dangle yours in front of her while you do her, but you have your work cut out for you. Hoist yourself up enough in bed to press your boobs into her face. Whisper dirty things like, "Suck my tits, you animal!"

4. Be persistent.
Don't despair if she takes a while. Conserve the strength in your hand muscles by alternating soft touches with hard ones. You'll avoid carpal tunnel syndrome and she'll appreciate the care and effort.

5. Cop a feel.
Rescue the art of copping a feel from the realm of "McSex." Even if you'd rather be fucking, but left your harness at home, perform due diligence with your digits. So you're skilled enough to make her come in 30 seconds–draw it out, tease her. Even if she's easy, take your time. Grope under her clothes. Unzip with your teeth. Stroke her naked thighs. Then slip your fingers in her hole. Take your time–unless the police are tapping on the car window.

6. Use lube.
Don't give her a "dry fumbler." Unless your partner gets super wet, using lube is a sure bet for everyone. Lube will transform you in her eyes from an insensitive jerk into a good jerk-off. Squeeze it into your hand and rub it around to warm it up; never apply lube directly to her pussy.

7. Make it part of foreplay or the whole enchilada.
Don't assume she wants it and only it. Like intercourse, hand jobs don't do the job for all women. Or she may prefer it only as an appetizer, with licking as the final course.


PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

8. Use mechanical assistance.
Especially if she uses a vibrator when you're not around (and especially if she's a really stubborn orgasmer), involve her favorite toy. Even if you massage for 20 minutes and the Hitachi gets her off in two, it was still your hand job. Tell her I said so.

9. Stick it in.
If she likes penetration, put on a rubber glove, lube it up, and massage her butthole with your finger. Stick it in. Use your other hand or your thumb to massage her clit. After she comes, press down firmly on her clit. Don't jiggle. You can extend her orgasm this way. If she's a multiple orgasmer, don't let her slip off the plateau: let her rest for a few seconds, but keep her hard with persistent stroking.

10. Go both ways.
Exploit the practical advantages of the two-person whack-off. No bed needed, no undressing, even. Do it at her relatives'.

Anna Lingus is an editor by trade and a lesbian by calling. Both require intricate work with her fingers and hands.

Kitten With a Whip

photography by
Michele Serchuk

Name: China

Age: almost 55

Birthplace: "I was born in front of Michele's camera a year and a half ago."

Identity: "Strong admirer of women's curvaceous bodies."

Profession: "Must write prose, poetry that releases my true sexual identity."

Great sexual experiences: "Taking a man with a strap-on and my first visit to a lesbian SM party—both powerful experiences which linger lusciously inside me."

Clit tickler: "Bondage...mental and physical."

Clit retractor: "Intentional cruelty, emotional blackmail."

Corset turn-on: "Corsets take more than just my breath away, I long for the tight squeeze on my naked skin. My breath quickens just at the thought!"

Climactic thoughts? "I will be 55 soon and I think it's wonderful that I keep on exploring. I did the marriage bit with three kids and the picket fence, did the significant other thing, have had more lovers than I care to talk about, and most of them were at least half my age. I enjoy every age for what they have to offer and I hope they like what I give back in return. I want women to realize that life doesn't end at 50. For me, it has just begun." –lm

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Other corsets provided by Purple Passion,
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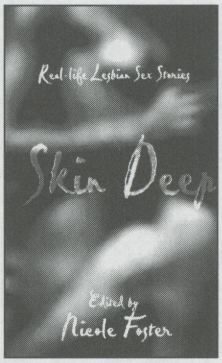
New York City

Skin Deep

edited by Nicole Foster

[Alyson]



Skin Deep is a delightful array of true erotic stories to keep you (and your lover) up late at night. The tales range from college romps and one-night stands to special moments in long-term relationships. Most have steamy, explicit passages detailing sex in apartments, on bikes, and at saunas. These tales are erotic, but differ from classic erotica in that they are nonfiction and are largely full of wondrous excitement about the memories their authors recall. Some entries are outlandish, but most are straightforward accounts of women meeting and heating things up. **rkb**

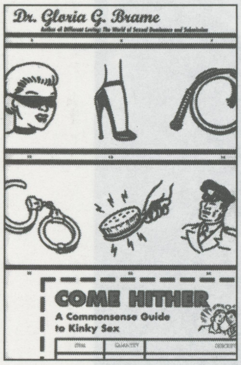
grade . 💋💋💋💋

Come Hither: A Commonsense Guide to Kinky Sex

by Dr. Gloria Brame

[Fireside]

Come Hither is much more than a guide–it's a mini-encyclopedia covering all things kink. Brame guides beginners into the multifaceted world of BDSM detailing role-playing, power, bondage, bottoms and tops, and how to find people who share your perversions. Brame's tone is encouraging and helpful, and she aptly covers a vast range of fetishes and behaviors, explaining both how and why people participate in them (there is also a bibliography, glossary, and basic rules about consent and limits). Although not aimed specifically at a dyke audience, *Come Hither* is certainly applicable to anyone wanting to find out more about kink; there are also sections that address lesbian concerns. **rkb**



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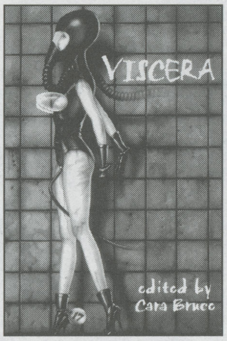
Viscera: An Anthology of Bizarre Erotica

Cara Bruce, ed.

[Venus or Vixen Press]

Certainly bizarre, but erotic? Young girls who grind themselves against the tongues of decapitated heads, talking penises who fight with their masters, women who have sex with dead men's intestines–I find these stories sickeningly entertaining, but they don't turn me on. Nonetheless, a couple of the stories were thrilling. In Thomas S. Roche's piece, a woman masturbates with a vial containing cultures of a deadly virus, unsure whether the contractions of her orgasm will be enough to shatter the glass. Carol Queen's "Knife" rocks. But I wish Bruce had not included "Thirty-two Cherries," in which a death-worthy moron anally fists a woman without using any lube or even taking off his rings, and "accidentally" shreds her insides and kills her. A handful of the stories earned severe yawns, but most are perversely funny. There is much fodder for fans of revenge, blood, and dementia, but sadly, it still failed my wetness test. **kl**



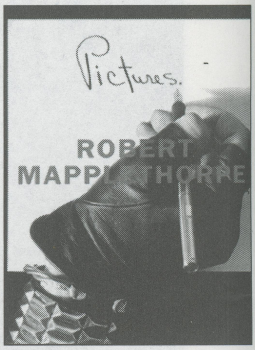
grade . 💋💋½

Pictures

Robert Mapplethorpe

[Arena Editions]

Why should I want to review Robert Mapplethorpe's book *Pictures*, a photo book of (presumably) gay leatherfolk? 'Cause I'm a pervert, that's why. I get off on the raunchiest, dirtiest, most taboo photos I can find; if I'm not supposed to like it, you can be sure that it will turn me on. And turn me on, Mapplethorpe's book did–or at least it made me cringe a little–which I think means that it turned me on (such a fine line between the two...). *Pictures* is extremely provocative, with photos of double fist-fucking, shit and piss play, and lots of penile mutilation. The photos are honest, real, sexual moments, and so artistically beautiful. Who'da thunk that a man with a fist up his ass could be so breathtakingly pretty? Although there is but one photo of a woman in the entire book, there is definitely enough to keep anyone of any sexuality captivated if not aroused. **lm**



grade . 💋💋💋💋

Teaching Through Trauma

Leanne Franson

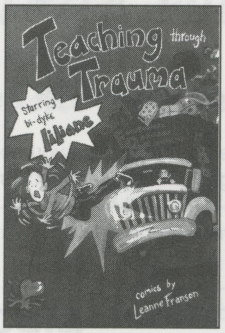
[Slab O Concrete Publications]

Leanne Franson shows with simple lines how life in all its complicated ways can be detangled like an old wig and a comb. *Teaching Through Trauma* is a comic compilation of Franson's work detailing the traumatic times of my favorite bi-dyke Liliane. Meshed between memories of childhood pet cemeteries filled with frozen hamsters and the adult trials of self-insemination, is a

Mapplethorpe took my breath away

review staff
rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
kl . Katherine Love
lm . Lindsay McClune
rh . Robyn Head
im . Ian Myszenski

discussion about the ways in which we all are "differently pleasured." Liliane walks us through the pains of confusion and closed-mindedness to unite the perve and the prude. Leather dykes and handsome femmes reveal feelings and nipples as Liliane traverses from one bed to another. Between each heartbreak exists a light banter of sex, skin, and silliness. You can't beat this cute Canadian character dressing in garters and tights with high heels one night, then packin' the next. (I just can't get enough of Liliane's li'l tits!) **rh**

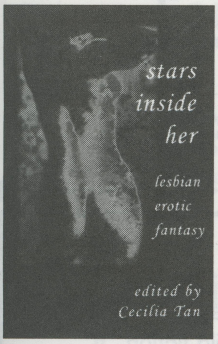


grade . 💋💋💋💋½

Stars Inside Her: Lesbian Erotic Fantasy

Edited by Cecilia Tan
[Circlet Press]

Stars Inside Her is a whimsical romp through sex complete with fairies, mystical wings, magical circles, and orgasms. This compilation blurs the line between reality and fantasy while also striving to bring forth sexual magic. Unfortunately if you are not already a fan of the fantasy genre, you might have a hard time making it through this book: few of these stories are strong enough to stand on their own outside of a fantasy context. But if you take the collection for what it is, it is quite enjoyable. And besides, we can always use more stories about lesbian sex. All in all, I give this baby two and a half smacks. **im**



grade . 💋💋½

Little Black Book
💋 = Wash your hair instead.
💋💋 = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
💋💋💋 = One-night-stand material.
💋💋💋💋 = Call U-Haul–this one's a keeper.
💋💋💋💋💋 = Better than sex.

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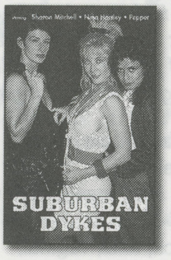

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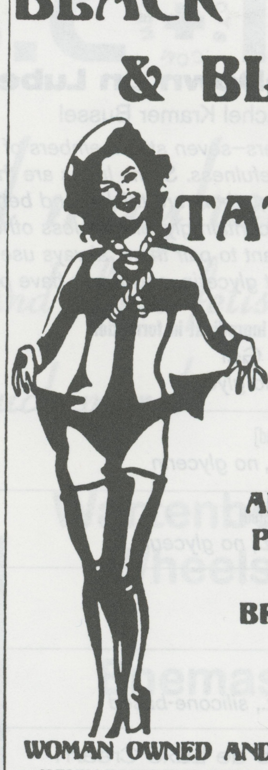

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The Low-Down on Lube

compiled by Rachel Kramer Bussel

Our team of testers–seven staff members of Toys in Babeland–sorted out everything from taste to ingredients to usefulness. Some lubes are thin and fine, akin to pussy juice and good for vaginal sex and masturbation; others are thicker and better suited for fisting and anal sex. All the lubes are water-based and most contain glycerin, unless otherwise noted; Silicone lubes can ruin some silicone sex toys, so if you want to pair them, always use a condom. If you are especially prone to yeast infections, try a lube without glycerin, and if you have particular allergies, read all ingredients carefully.

Lube + retail price + ingredient in formation	**Texture+Taste [if any]+Uses**	**Comments**	**Grade**
Slippery Stuff Gel $8.50 for 8 oz., *no glycerin*	thick, gel-like; vaginal, anal, masturbation	least irritating lube; dries up quicker so you need to use more; only lube that doesn't give me a yeast infection	5
Maximus [pictured] $14.95 for 8.5 oz., *no glycerin*	very thick; anal, vaginal, masturbation	thick and lovely; a bit irritating on my pussy; favorite lube for anal play and fisting	4.5
Liquid Silk [pictured] $14.95 for 8.5 oz., *no glycerin*	creamy; vaginal, masturbation	feels great; smooth and silky; looks and feels like lotion	4
ID $9.95 for 8.5 oz.	thick; sweet; vaginal, anal, masturbation	best lube I've ever tried; not too thin, not too thick; good standard workhorse lube	3.5
Eros $17.95 for 3.4 oz., *silicone-based*	light, slick, velvety; vaginal, masturbation	a little bit goes a long way; never dries up, ever; like liquid gold; the only lube for me	3
Foreplay Lube de Luxe Cream $15 for 10 oz.	thick and gooey; sweet; anal, vaginal fisting	feels the least natural; texture is really fantastic, but what the hell is it made of?; had an allergic reaction to it; very gross taste	3
O'My, $11.95 for 4 oz., *contains hemp oil; touted as all natural, botanical*	thin and watery; very sweet taste; vaginal, masturbation	too sweet, like a flavored lube; doesn't get sticky in the end, but it's almost like there's nothing there; gave me yeast flare up	3
Probe Thick, $8 for 8.5 oz., *only four ingredients, incl. grapefruit seed extract*	mucousy, thick; sweet; anal, vaginal, masturbation	gets very stringy and sticky; dries up too fast	3
Eros Woman Water Formula [pictured] $17.95 for 3.4 oz.	thin, slick; vaginal, masturbation	stays wet for a long, long time; bad perfumey chemical taste; too watery for butt sex	3
Foreplay Lube de Luxe Gel $15 for 9.25 oz.	thick; bitter; anal, vaginal, masturbation	feels oily; really bad taste; good slickness, different texture from the other lubes	2.5

click.it

www.scarletletters.com

Scarlet Letters: The Journal of Femmerotica, is an erotic Webzine with a pro-woman point of view and a spunky (if not a little *overstimulating*) design. Editrix Heather Corinna has compiled an impressive array of hot photography, provocative features, cool fiction and poetry, plus reviews of videos, Web sites, and sex toys. (There are even interactive message boards and chats.) If you like Nerve.com, you'll really appreciate Scarlet Letters–it's like a juicier, less high-brow version of a literate smut site. Editors and regular contributors such as Hanne Blank, Lori Selke, and David Steinberg are voices of the pro-sex generation and have plenty of good stuff to say; the site encompasses a broad range of sexual identities and proclivities, so even dykes can find something to float our boats. **tt**

The resident doctor @ www.drducky.com

www.cleansheets.com

The brainchild of erotic writer and editor Mary Ann Mohanraj, Clean Sheets is a pretty solid effort in the world of online erotic Webzines. The latest issue features an essay by Paul Joannides (author of the awesome *Guide to Getting It On!*), an interview with author Robin Schone, book and sex toy reviews, lots of soft, artsy erotic photography, and some pretty wild fiction. **tt**

www.drducky.com

Playboy calls her "A post-punk Bettie Page," and Dr. Ducky DooLittle is clearly one of the most unique sex personalities of our time. A self-proclaimed "crackpot sexologist," Ducky is a writer, comedian, and performance artist. On her site, you can follow all of the Doctor's adventures: her sex advice articles, her streaming video show "Sexology 101," even a Ducky Cam where you can watch Ducky all day long. Peek at her sexual research (complete with studies, polls, and pie charts) on wacky topics such as foot fetishes, or become a member of the site and enjoy all things Ducky! **tt**

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Fag Porn

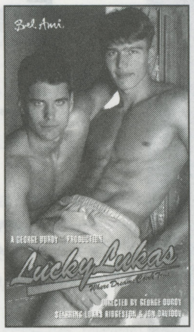
Gay-male romps: they're not just for Daddy anymore.

by Teresa Cooper

I never really got into porn until I saw my first boy-porn flick, Frisky Summer *(Bel Ami, 1995). I'm still hooked, and convinced that all other dykes could be too—especially when the boys on screen lean toward the androgynous and even feminine. Sure, there's a ton of seemingly endless dick sucking, and loads of creamy come-shots, but for all that good old-fashioned butt fucking, I'm willing to sit through just about anything.*

Lucky Lukas

[Bel Ami, 1998]


Bel Ami
A George Duroy Production
Lucky Lukas
Directed by George Duroy
Starring Lukas Ridgeston & Ion Davidov

This latest addition to the hot Bel Ami line of boy-porn features two notorious star tops, Lukas Ridgeston and Ion Davidov (my fave). Lukas gets "lucky" when he gets to fuck Ion in the ass. Before the culminating flip scene (Ion makes for such an avid, active, and athletic bottom), the boys drive Lukas' new red convertible through a hot and sweaty European summer, running into boys doing all sorts of naughty things to each other along the way. Bel Ami is "nice" porn; that is, these boys are basically "straight," but just get frisky when they pal around with the guys. They are beautiful, perfect, all-white, and suspiciously young men, but the sex is always hot and easy on the eyes. Other Bel Ami titles not to be missed: *An American in Prague* (great plot), *Frisky Summer 1, 2,* and *3.*

grade . 💋💋💋💋💋

Hot Times in Little Havana

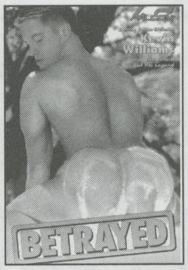
[Kristen Bjorn, 1998]

Julio leaves Cuba on a small raft, floating toward Miami where his long-lost boyfriend, Jorge, unbeknownst to Julio, has settled into Miami gay life just fine. In the first scenario, Julio gets picked up by the U.S. Coast Guard. He gets chained up, anally searched, then sports an agonizing erection while he watches the two Coast Guardsmen suck each other off. ("You wanna come into this country, boy, you gotta suck some cock!") It's riveting. Kristen Bjorn's films are a little naughtier than Bel Ami's, and a lot of the actors can come without even being touched.

grade . 💋💋💋💋💋

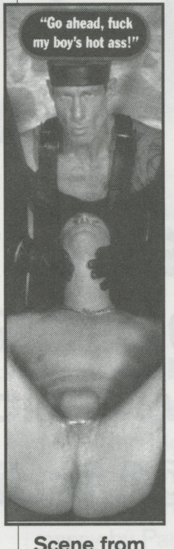
Betrayed

[Falcon, 1998]



If getting an enema with chlorinated pool water via a long, orange squirt-gun is your idea of a good time, then look no further. The blond star, Kevin Williams, has the biggest asshole I've seen. After the pool scene, Kevin is left in his big house in the hills all alone, only to be descended upon by a voyeur who first fists him and then double penetrates Kev with his dick and a massive dildo. Then, four "robbers" take Kevin out into nature and gang bang him with consecutively larger strap-ons. They leave him tied to a tree with a butt plug up his ass, and when they come back the next morning, Kevin's hungry ass takes them all, and then some, for round two.

grade . 💋💋💋💋


"Go ahead, fuck my boy's hot ass!"

Scene from *3 Degrees of Humiliation*

Black Market

[Brick House Entertainment, 1997]

In this video, popular black porn actor Bobby Blake repeats one simple line dozens of times while fucking various boys' asses and faces: "Bitch, give me my money, my goddamned money, bitch!" (one word per thrust). One of the hot young hoodlums has taken Bobby's money, and what follows is a lot of forced dick sucking and hard ass fucking—all in the name of punishment. Cutie Blatino star Richard Reyes provides some hot bouncing action atop one of the thieves on a lawn chair.

grade . 💋💋💋💋

3 Degrees of Humiliation

[MSR Videos, 1999]

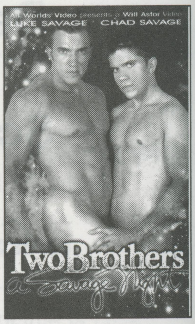
"Chock full of sexual shame and degradation...yum!"
3 degrees of humiliation
MSR videos: Where the hottest men are always pigs

First degree: A top picks up a hustler on the street in L.A., and takes him into his dungeon for some slapping, spitting, punching, and whipping on a swinging rack. A huge dildo, and then the top's dick provide for some nice, hard and fast ass fucking. Second degree: A closeted yuppie homeowner watches the yard boy work on his garden. The hairy culmination has the yuppie crawling around on the grass, squealing like a pig, being ridden like a horse, and fucked silly. Third degree: "Bark like a dog!" "Yes sir: ruff, ruff!" This wild top puts his boy through the ringer, up on a sling and makes him lap up his own come from a dog bowl. If you like it a little more hard-core and dirty, then this is the video for you.

grade . 💋💋

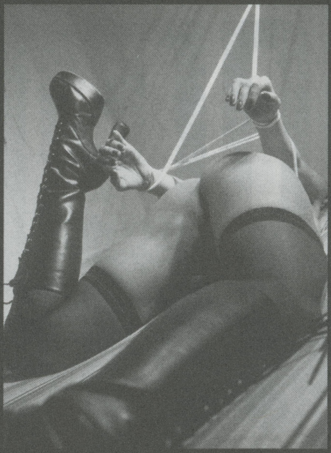
Two Brothers: A Savage Night

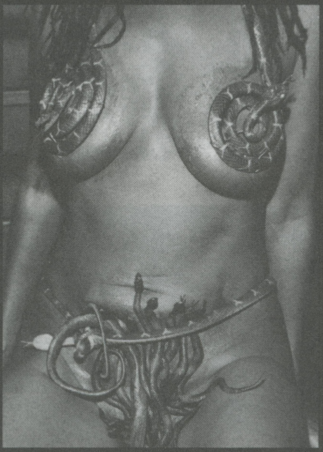
[All Worlds Video, 1999]


All Worlds Video presents a Will Astor Video
Luke Savage · Chad Savage
Two Brothers
a Savage Night

Chad is a fun-loving young fag who gets arrested for public sex and then delivered to his more responsible, professional, and closeted brother Luke. Chad just wants to have fun—and pull Luke out of the closet along the way. Luke listens to his brother having sex, fantasizes about getting fucked on a conference table at the office, and finally, dreams up a great sex bout with Chad, who "always wanted to suck big bro's dick." The actors in this video are less pumped and polished than in most boy-porn, and an element of reality exists throughout: that is, you can actually see the lube, condoms, and the occasional dick slipping out of an ass.

grade . 💋💋💋💋





think kink.

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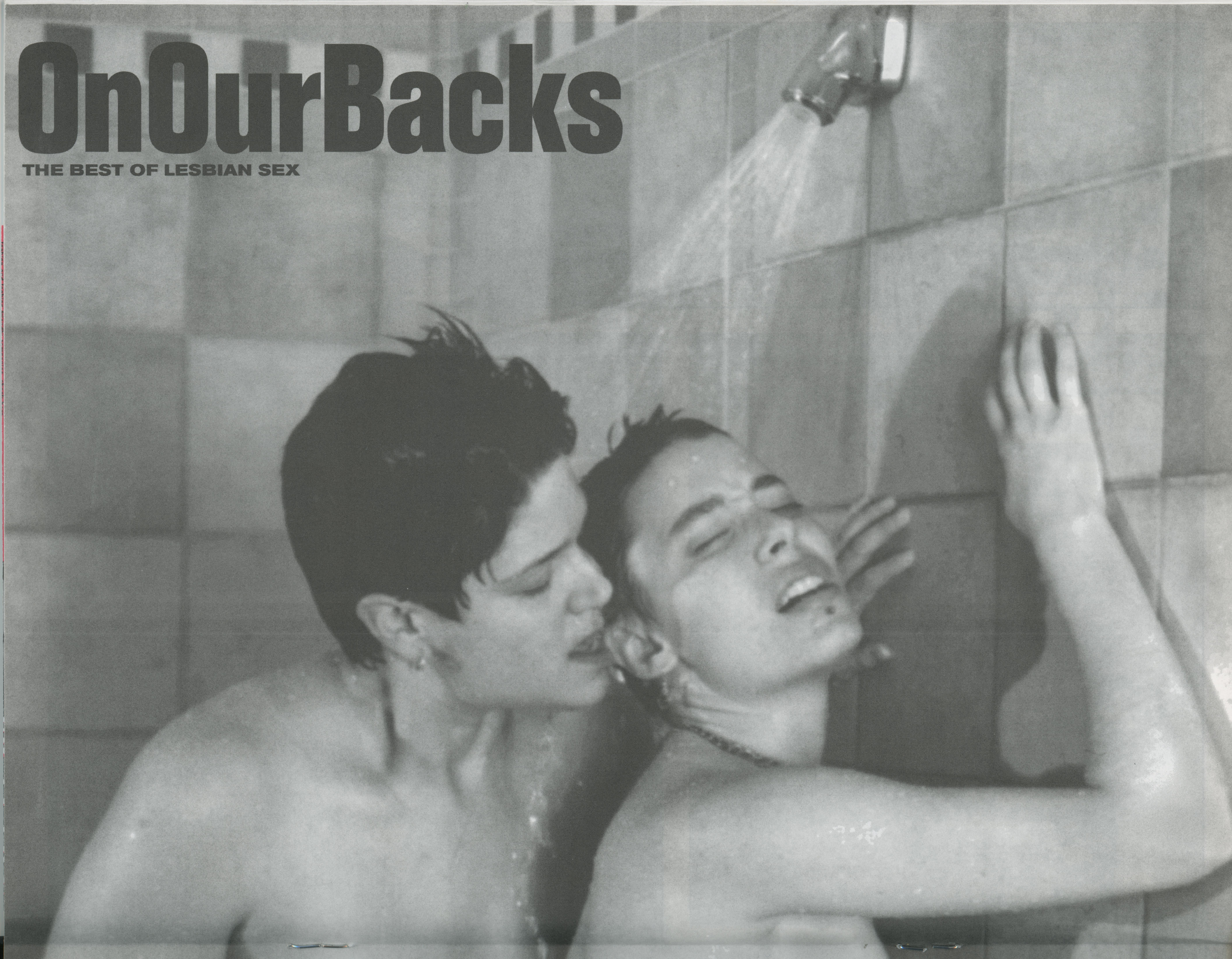
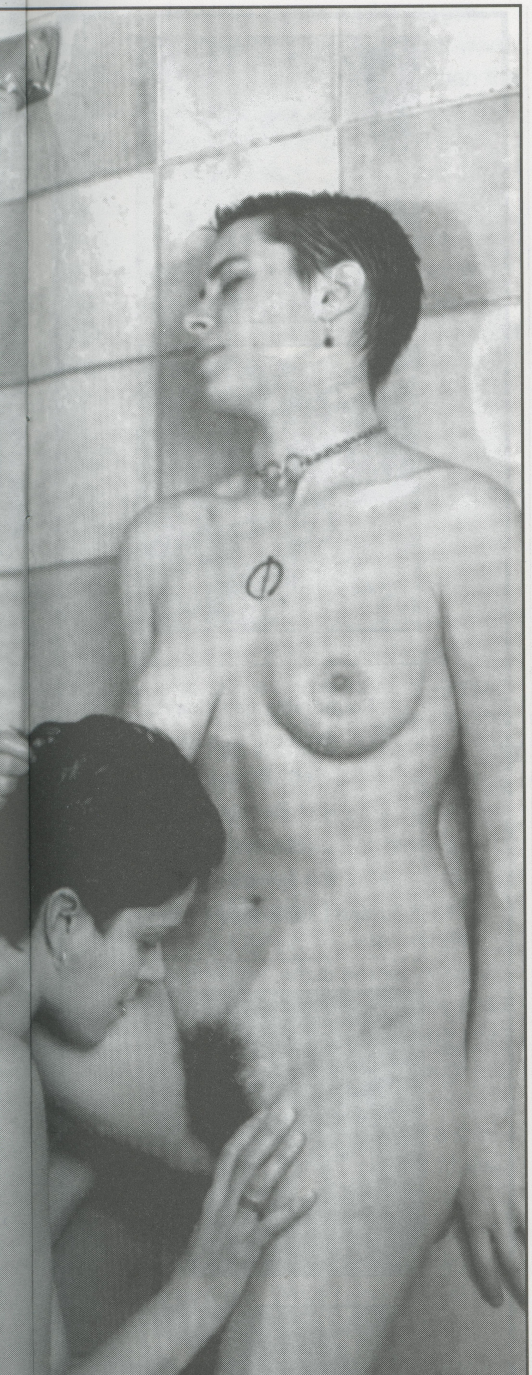
DRIPPING WET

photography by
Darlene Weide

Shot on location at Eros,
San Francisco, CA

Ryn had had her eyes on the luscious butch Kate for a long time: there was something about butches that just made her catch her breath. When she spotted Kate in the sauna of the local gym, there was nothing she wanted more than to bury her face in Kate's tits. Ryn casually let her towel slip and looked over to see Kate staring at her ass. She brushed past Kate's thigh only to feel her tremble with desire. Soon Ryn and Kate had their hands slipping and sliding all over each other, wet from the shower and their throbbing cunts. – **lm**


OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX



Intimate Disclosure

Seven Women Talk Sex and Class, Part 2

compiled by Laurie Toby Edison
+ Debbie Notkin

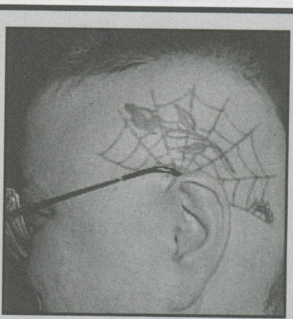
Queer community members often pride themselves on the ability to talk about sex, feeling smug about their facility with words and desire. From homophobia and fear of gender transgressions to plain old cultural repression, there's a lot of pressure to be quiet. When we're loud and lusty, we're making revolution. But that doesn't mean there isn't more to do. Laurie and Debbie organized a cyberspace conversation on the theme of sex and class. What came up in those interviews shows how wound together–and how largely unexplored–is the sex and class dance. What are the various prices we pay, dependent on our class and race, for being sexually visible? How does class get into bed with us, or against the kitchen table, or in the back seat of our car?–Susan Raffo (author of *Queerly Classed*)

continued from the previous issue...

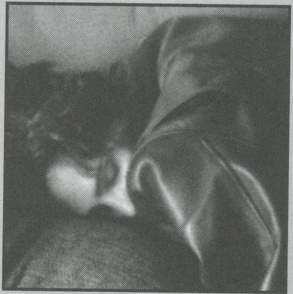
Laurie: I had a 20-plus-years relationship (off and on) with a woman from my own background with whom I was deeply in love. We didn't make it simple and she cared way too much what people thought (in the midst of her outrageous life) and I still miss her. This is a story as much of time as class: we were both fifties girls and our stories often lack happy endings. I had a long relationship with a woman who identified as underclass and wanted very badly as time went on to pass over into middle-class visuals and manners (at first mostly for work). Even when she was working on assimilation, her good, clear class politics were open and out much of the time. She taught me a lot, and loving her taught me a lot. As she got better at passing, she became less vivid, and I missed that part of how she had been before. I eventually lost her to her assimilated choices. That's happened to me more than once. I'm not a good choice for a girl on the way up: can't afford enough things, don't appreciate people being "understanding" about it, and don't appreciate "up" a whole lot. As a working artist, I like my "unimproved" life.

Elena: I have a long history of loving working-class men and middle-class women. Very strange. Although I do have to say that I am attracted to working-class women, but often they are scared off by those initials [Ph.D] at the end of my name–they make me the enemy.

Betty: One of my pet peeves is being sexualized in private, or semi-private, in a sort of titillating way, but then being shunned or censured for it in other settings. I often think I'm doomed to fall for women who want to stand by their man, or their butch, as the case may be. I like middle-class women, or women with middle-class values. It brings out a hostility in me that is sexually exciting. It also touches upon a core of gentleness that I don't often find in myself. I had a middle-class lover. I think she was also trying to "save," shelter, or protect me in some way, or at least "excuse" me. She understood when I didn't buy her flowers because she assumed that as one of the poor poor, even though I had money now, I wouldn't think of such things–and she "forgave me because of it." The sex was fun. It was the expectations we each had about coupling, courtship, romance, etc., and how honest and up front about all of this stuff we could be with each other as well as the social implications of it all. In retrospect I never really felt as if I were her lover; it's more like I was her girlfriend prop. She'd buy herself the flowers and prop me up by her side as the girlfriend. I was as much a prop as the flowers were in making up a picture of her life.



Roundtable participants from top to bottom: Betty Rose Dudley, Debbie Notkin, Marlene Hoeber, Jewelle Gomez, and Laurie Toby Edison



LAURIE TOBY EDISON PHOTO: CAROL SQUIRES / DEBBIE NOTKIN PHOTO:LAURIE TOBY EDISON

Marlene: I'm kinky, queer, and transgendered. The kinds of kinky that I tend toward are more of the serious pain variety than the silk scarf bondage type. I don't like being exoticized for my gender and I don't like feeling that my lover is being "a good person" by "understanding." It's been a lot of years since I've slept with anyone who hasn't discarded close to all of what they were raised to believe about sex and relationships. By the time I get someone, they don't exhibit a lot of expectations about this stuff that I can identify with any kind of class origin. I'm anxious that this sounds like the American middle-class myth of class not being a real issue, which is not what I'm trying to describe.

Debbie: For many years I lived with a (male) lover who was far more upper class than me, and who carried a deep sense of prudery around sex that I never found myself able to either understand or sympathize with. In particular, enjoying sex for its own sake seemed wrong to him; it was only okay to enjoy sex if you were doing it for a purpose (not necessarily breeding, but to forge a bond with someone or resolve a fight). Enjoying just the sex was not okay.

Betty: Sometimes when I'm with middle-class SM dykes I forget I'm with middle-class dykes and that while someone may be dressing like a slut and acting like a slut and may even be getting off on being treated like a slut, you ain't never, ever supposed to forget that she's a lady. Sometimes I feel as if I walked into a costume ball, only nobody told me and I have to figure out for myself who is wearing a costume and what it all means and when they have their mask on or off. I know how to play the bad girl. What I don't know is how to play the good girl playing the bad girl. It's like to fit in I'd have to unlearn too much of what I already know, and it's just too much.

Elena: I've never looked much like other academicians. I wondered if this doomed me. My advisor told me that it very likely would, but what was the alternative? She smiled, "You are going to dress for success? What are you going to do, wear a white penis?"

Elena: I learned to write or draw or create something of myself, because I didn't have a lot of money. Sometimes, though, it really really hurts. When I was living on $583 a month, and my lover's birthday came around. I gave her a massage and got her some little presents, including a little jar of Baby Bee lotion. She had bought this big jar of the same brand, and was hiding it, because she didn't want me to feel bad about my gift. I kind of sat up. I didn't feel bad about my gift, but I did then. It wasn't because she got herself something better, but that she felt she had to hide it to protect me. I felt really vulnerable. I think the biggest way in which my class affects me is that I hate to receive presents. It unnerves me and makes me embarrassed. I never know what to say. Thank you doesn't seem to be enough.

Laurie: My mother, out of profound childhood poverty, was really cheap except about the things that mattered passionately to her, and my stepfather was even cheaper. I'm the only middle-class kid I know who occasionally went hungry.

Lydia: Money was just so weird in our house. It was the Victorian unmentionable, especially in social settings, but it was constant threat and promise and bone of contention as well. When I was down to nothing, owed the landlord rent, no food in the house, no job, not eligible for assistance, my parents gave me a dollar and a quarter with which to buy toothpaste. I guess I'm still very bitter about how money was handled in my family.

Laurie: I like food in courtship, at home and out. Eating with someone is an important piece of courtship to me (Jewish, middle-class, immigrant, New York City, I don't know.) I also like the whole food-after-sex thing: scrambled eggs or ramen or whatever. It's the post-sex food hunger and eating together in bed. I have problems if a lover doesn't understand that shared food can be a form of love.

Betty: I've always been most comfortable with "do-me queens," but have never thought about it all that much. I, too, am not comfortable being given presents. I don't like it, I don't like it at all. I've just never put sex and presents together before, but I see how they're related. I realized some time ago that accepting gifts was a giving gesture. It's only with Carol, though, that I've been able to accept being done sexually and have it feel really okay. Carol may not come from exactly the same class place as I do, but she's probably the closest of any lover I've ever had. And one of the biggest differences, with gifts as well as sex, is that she is real clear and up front that her giving is for her as well as for me. She really does understand that accepting is also a gift. The give and take in this relationship is easier than it has ever been for me.

meet the panel

Betty Rose Dudley **is a fat, white dyke who comes from a working-class background but currently makes a decent salary. Although she grew up in small-town Missouri and not rural Tennessee, *The Beverly Hillbillies* was one of her favorite TV shows as a child, so she moved to California—San Francisco, not Los Angeles. She now lives in Oakland and hopes to one day win the Lotto, after which she will have a big car and a big house done up in bold, primary colors. There is very little pastel in her personality.**

Laurie Toby Edison **is an internationally exhibited photographer. *Women En Large: Images of Fat Nudes* (with her photographs and Debbie Notkin's text) was published in 1994. Her current work in progress is *Familiar Men: A Book of Male Nudes.* She is also a jeweler and sculptor. She has two daughters and lives and works in San Francisco. She has at various times been a member of the Gay & Lesbian History Project, Queer Nation, and other queer activist groups.**

Elena Escalera **earned her Ph.D. in Social Psychology at the University of California at Berkeley. She now teaches social psychology, as well as being a massage therapist in San Francisco.**

Jewelle Gomez **was raised on welfare in Boston and now leads a middle-class activist life in San Francisco. She was on the original board of GLAAD and is on the national advisory board of NCLR. She writes about black lesbians in the past and the future. Her six books include *The Gilda Stories* and *Don't Explain.***

Marlene Hoeber **lives in San Francisco with a cat, a lizard, a snake, a girlfriend, and a few fish. She tries to make beautiful/dangerous things for a living, and failing that, she does miscellaneous light industrial work.**

Lydia Nickerson **lives in a polyamorous household in Minneapolis known as Blaisdell Polytechnic. She earns her living doing clerical and secretarial tasks for doctors, and helps organize science fiction conventions for recreation.**

Debbie Notkin **divides her time between social change work and making a living by editing and multimedia instructional design. She wrote the text for *Women En Large: Images of Fat Nudes*, and is chair of the motherboard for the James Tiptree Award, which honors works of science fiction and fantasy that explore and expand gender roles. She lives in Oakland when work doesn't force her into long periods in New York City.**

Dyke Porn Moguls

Shar Rednour and Jackie Strano

by Tristan Taormino

photography by Phyllis Christopher

Writer, editor, and former On Our Backs *staffer Shar Rednour is known for the successful* Virgin Territory *anthologies, her 'zine-turned-forthcoming book* Starphkr, *and her new book* The Femme's Guide to the Universe *(due in August from Alyson). Her partner Jackie Strano worked at Good Vibrations, dispensing sex advice on the sales floor for five years. Strano is the lead singer/guitarist of the seven-year-old band The Hail Marys, which has a single on the* Bound *soundtrack and will release a new album this summer through Internet record label Spinreccords.com. Together, this dynamic duo runs S.I.R. Video, a growing dyke-porn company, which produced the best-selling* Bend Over Boyfriend *(with Fatale Video) and* Bend Over Boyfriend 2: Less Talkin', More Rockin'. *As they finished editing their newest movie,* Hard Love and How to Fuck in High Heels, *we sat down to talk trash: falling in love at an orgy, negotiating nonmonogamy, teaching straight women how to fuck men in the ass, and building their dyke-porn empire.*

OnOurBacks: So, how did you two meet?

Jackie Strano: We met at a sex club called Club Cream in 1993 that Carol Queen hosted.

Shar Rednour: Actually the story starts a week earlier. I went into Good Vibrations to pick up free dildos for a movie that I was working on for Nan Kinney, *Safe Is Desire*. This young woman behind the counter, who turned out to be Jackie, was so interested in my weird, neurotic, obsessive rantings about my work. She kept asking me questions and talking to me. A week later, I was at this sex club, and this woman in a leather jacket and cap was being really nice to me. She just sat down next to me, and I was thinking *I know you, do you know me?* I said, "Do you want to kiss me?" She paused forever, and I felt really stupid. So I just said, "Please." She grabbed me by the hair and kissed me and I saw stars and...

JS: And that was it.

SR: That was it. Although we didn't exchange names or anything that night.

JS: I pulled her into my lap, fucked her, thanked her, and later that night I walked her home. I knew she worked at *On Our Backs*, and she knew I worked at Good Vibrations, but we didn't know each other's names exactly. The next day at work I was sort of going crazy because I had just met this incredible woman, didn't know whether to call her right away or not, and I was dying for a cigarette because I had just quit smoking. Then the doors opened to the store, and in walks Shar with Blow Pops. She said, "I thought you might be having a nic fit and would need something to suck on." And I was like, "Oh my God, marry me right now."

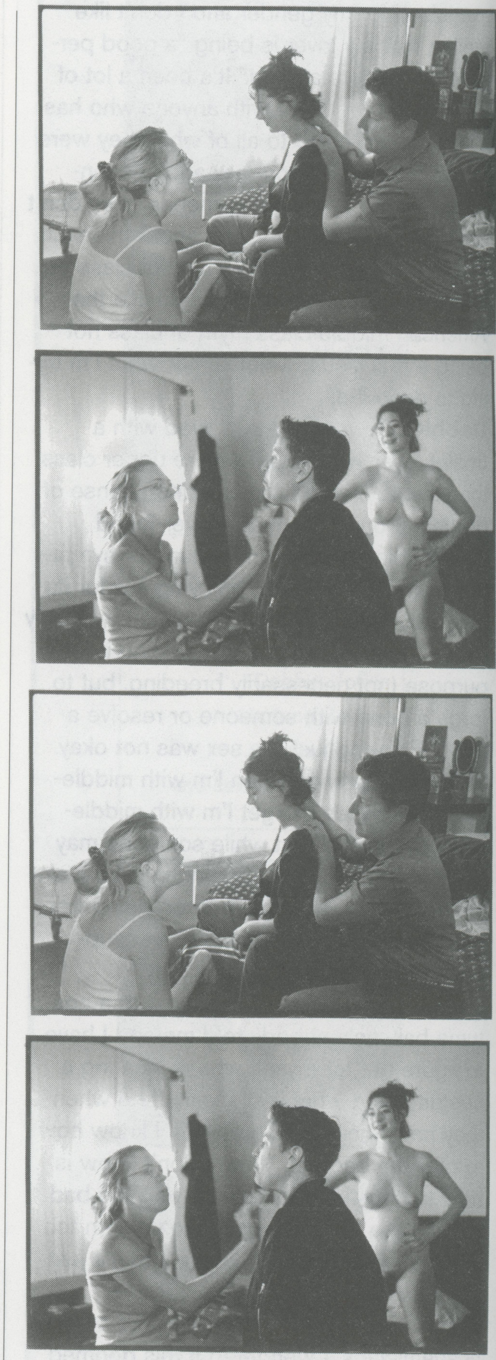
SR: We made out over the counter, until some guy wanted to buy a Magic Wand. I walked away, turned around and said, "Your name's Jackie, right?"

JS: I reached over, grabbed her, kissed her, and we made a date for the next night. Then we were engaged for three years.

SR: I think it's important for dykes to know that true love happens at sex clubs.

OOB: You're one of the most famous polyamorous couples in San Francisco. I know that you teach these workshops on polyamory and jealousy. Give me a little taste of what your philosophies are around those particular issues.

JS: Shar came up with the best slogan and name for the class: "Getting What You Want and No One Gets Hurt." And that's the key, being accountable, being responsible, being emotionally present. It's kind of an extension of our mission in life: be the best person you can be and share the love.



Shar + Jackie on the set of *Hard Love* and *How to Fuck in HIgh Heels*

SR: I have always believed in nonmonogamy. Jackie in her spirit is very that way, but she is also very, very jealous. So when we became a couple, we were very strong-headed about the subject. Just like past lovers, I told Jackie, "If you're gonna be with me, then this is how it's gonna be. It's my way or the highway." I was a major feminist about it: you're not going to own me. My part in the workshop is very much me—high ideals, high values, we can all attain utopia. I call it Shartopia. Whereas Jackie validates everyone's feelings and emotions and calls herself the recovered jealous person.

JS: A lot of my butch sexuality is around the fantasy of possessing the femme, ravishing her, and taking her. I needed to separate that whole trip from day-to-day life, disentangle it, keep it in a good hot place, and not let it spill over into real life. I know people who act very clamped down on their lovers, won't let them breathe without asking permission, and to me that's not attractive; that's not sexy. It's about being really responsible and not being messy about it, and so many people we know are messy about it. Granted, I will not negate anybody's experience if they are completely happy with just one person. More power to you that you're getting what you want with one person, and that's the key: getting what you want. Say I am going through a phase where I really want to be spanked and tied up, and my lover's not into it. I don't want to destroy this marriage that we have. But what about if we just go find someone I could do that with in a really safe environment and let it be what it is. It doesn't mean I am going to run off and marry that person. Dykes are so fucked up around sex, our sex lives, getting more sex, and getting better sex. Why limit yourself?

OOB: So, how did you decide to do *Bend Over Boyfriend*?

SR: It was Jackie's original concept. She was working a straight job to make money, so I was the one who wrote the script and directed it. We wanted to start our video company. We wanted to do some dyke porn and *Bend Over Boyfriend* [*BOB*]. We picked *BOB* to do first because we knew that it was desperately needed and would make money for us to do the other videos. We knew that it would sell a lot, but we didn't know that it would be completely over the top.

JS: Working on the floor at Good Vibrations, I met so many women who wanted help and advice about how to do their boyfriend or husband up the ass. I helped people over and over, and thought what better way to disseminate the information than a video?

OOB: How did you get hooked up with Nan Kinney of Fatale Video, who coproduced and distributed *BOB*?

SR: Well, Jackie and I are two dykes with a dog and bad credit. Really bad credit. And I've known Nan forever. We looked forever for someone to give us the money to make this movie, but nobody believed that it would sell. Finally, I did find the money. Nan believed in us and she was the one who actually signed her name on the dotted line as producer.

OOB: Why do you think that anal sex in general and *BOB* specifically are so popular nowadays?

JS: I think people's minds finally wrapped around the idea that being an open receptive partner doesn't necessarily mean you're being passive, which in a lot of men's minds is not a good thing. Women are also coming into their own around being more aggressive. Men are discovering their assholes for pure intense orgasmic pleasure. What's the latest millennium sex craze, the next hot thing? Boys with their asses in the air and feeling really powerful about it.

SR: The younger generation is demanding a lot more sex information and education. Instead of the woman just flopping around like a rag doll on the end of a stick, women are thrilled: "I get to stick *my* finger somewhere and I get to *do* something."

JS: It's this new way that straight people are having lesbian sex. He's orgasmic, but not focused just on his dick being hard all the time and coming. She's staying orgasmic for a length of time because she's doing him, plus she feels powerful with a dick strapped on.

OOB: So then you decided to do *Bend Over Boyfriend 2* [*BOB 2*]. Tell me how that came about.

JS: We were starting our video company, S.I.R. Video Productions, which stands for Sex, Indulgence, and Rock 'n' Roll. *BOB 2* really encapsulates our mission as a video company. Our motto is "We change the way people fuck." We want to make dyke porn, but also continue to enlighten the straight world. We were able to produce *BOB 2* ourselves because everyone believed us, finally. We needed another money-maker, and we knew we wanted to expand on what we did with *BOB*. We had enlightened folks, and now we wanted to entertain them—we wanted more fantasy play, more edgy stuff, more fucking. A sweet story is that a couple who saw *BOB* went and started experimenting with anal sex in their life. They approached us and said, "We heard you are casting for *BOB 2*. You have to know that *BOB* changed our lives, and we want to be in your movie!" He is this big burly guy and his girlfriend is this luscious, voluptuous femme. We had to beg, borrow, and steal to find couples for *BOB*. For *BOB 2*, we had to turn people away. It was crazy what had happened in just one year.

Hard Love &
How to Fuck in High Heels

> "butch bottoms are everywhere, but to find one who will take off her clothes and get **fucked** on camera is another story"

SR: From the butch bulldyke top to the macho mechanic guy, the world would be a better place if everyone knew how to take something inside them at a certain point in their lives. All the guys in our movie said that getting fucked in the ass taught them to trust the person who's on the end of the dick that's going in this very special place. They told us, "I know what *she* feels like when I'm fucking her. I finally understand that I actually *could* hurt her and it *is* important to say 'go slower' or 'tilt up' or 'tilt down.'" They finally, whole-heartedly, empathetically *get it*!

JS: We're really proud of the fact that we took real-life couples and harnessed in their energy, their vitality, and their fuckin' blatant sexiness. I think that's what's resonating with people, what they're responding to. It is so genuine, and the chemistry is very palpable. And the focus of the orgasm is on the receptive partner. The world is a much better place when men learn how to shoot less and have multiorgasmic feelings, and women learn how to shoot more and have more intense orgasms.

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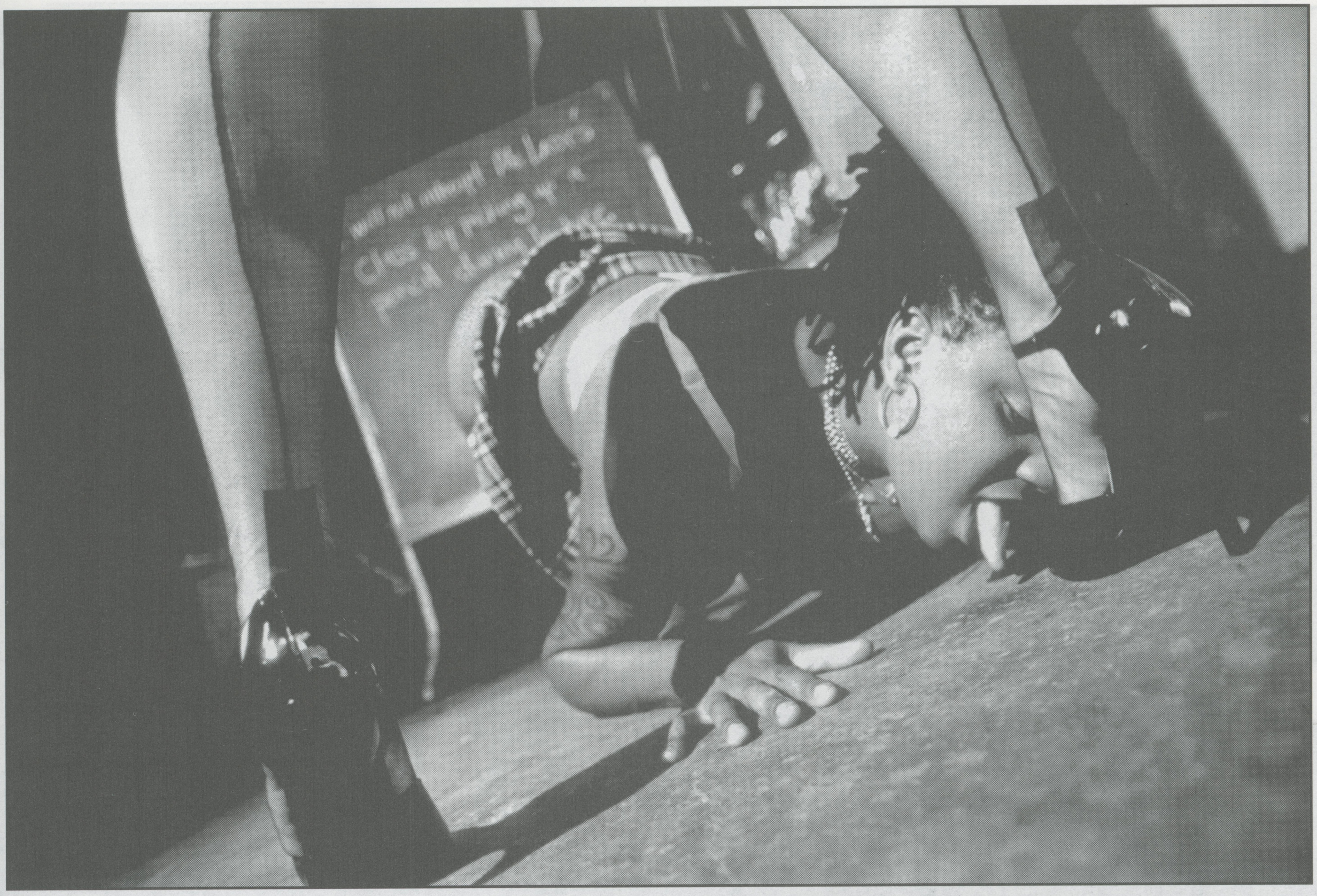
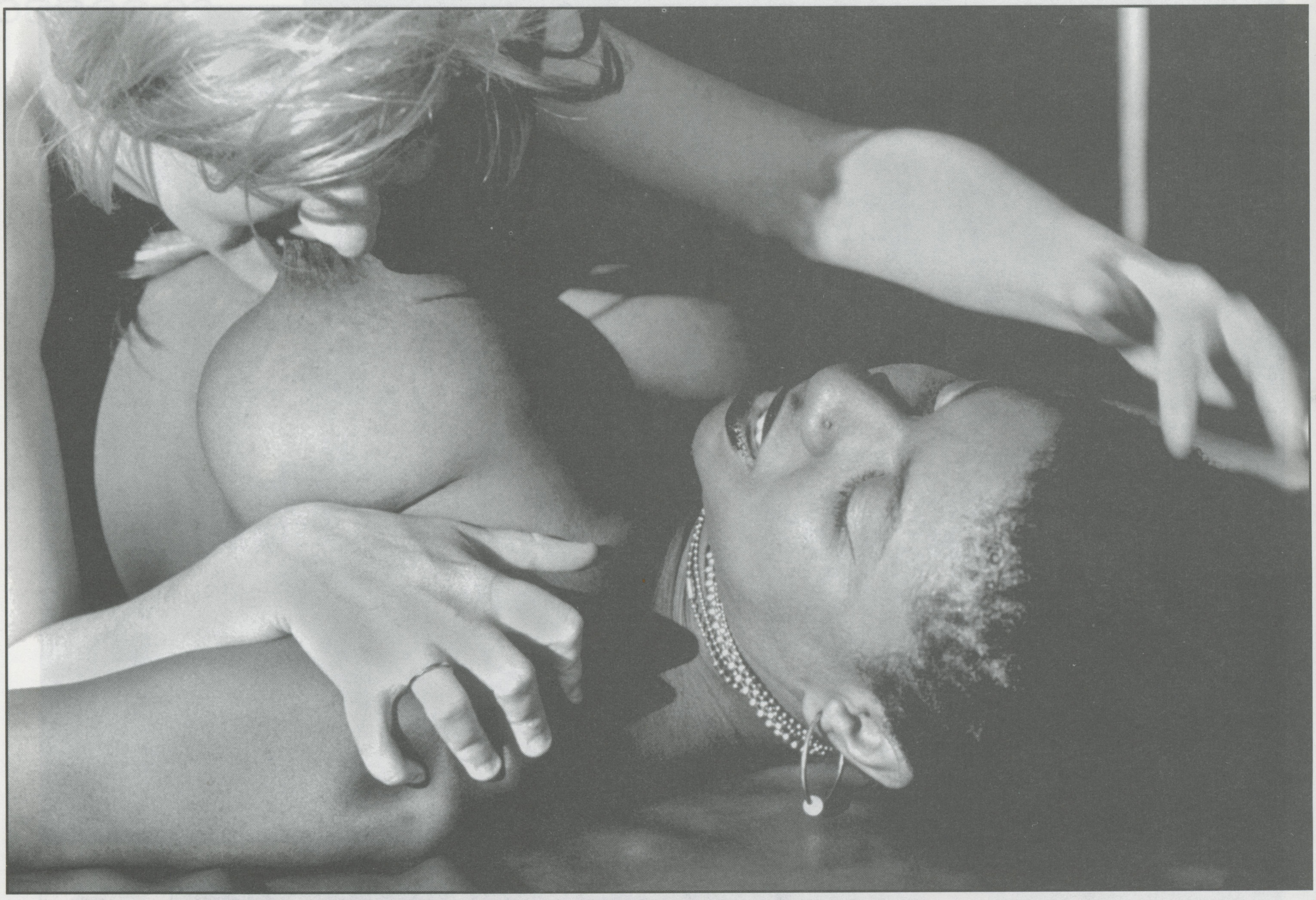
Classroom Misbehavior

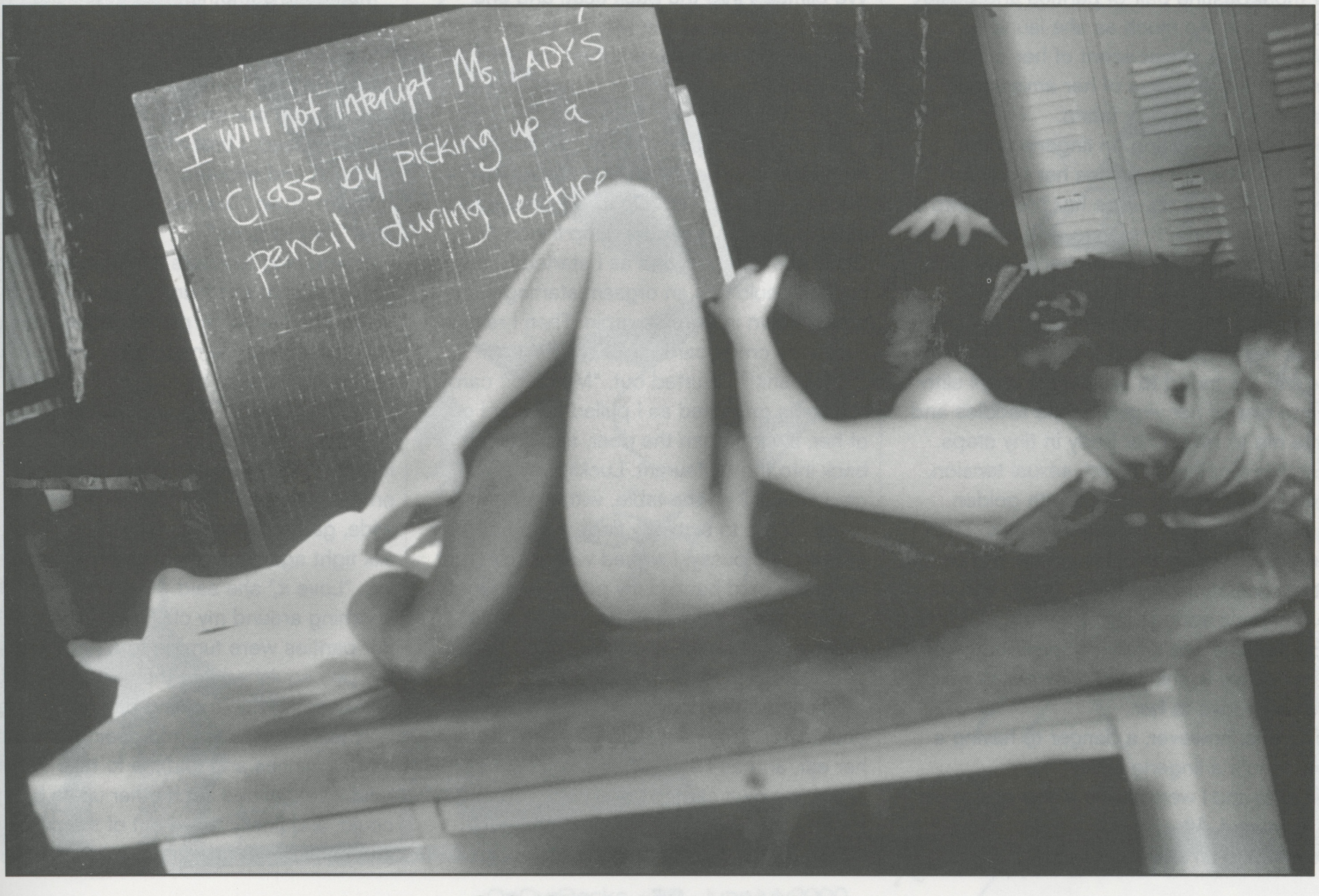


photography by
Phyllis Christopher

When Cinnamon dropped her pencil and interrupted School Mistress Domina Lady's lecture, she knew she was in deep trouble. Domina Lady couldn't help but notice Cinnamon's plump, lush bottom, and she wanted to get her hands on it—to punish her, of course. Only an over-the-knee spanking would do. Cinnamon struggled against every slap until finally submitting to the pleasure caused by the heat of Domina Lady's hand, flowing from her sweet spot to her wet pussy. Domina Lady found Cinnamon's submission such a turn-on that she rewarded her with some pleasures of the flesh. – **SS**

Shot on location at
Castlebar in San Francisco, CA





I will not interupt Ms. LADYS
Class by picking up a
pencil during lecture

DAMP PANTIES

by Jennifer Jen

illustration by
Rosemary Van Deuren

Two women with a fetish for lingerie see there's more than one way to soak your underwear.

My girlfriend Jeannie is a lingerie junkie, and sexy lingerie has a simple and compelling message that can be summed up in two very direct words: Fuck me. Her dresser drawers are overflowing with camisoles, peek-a-boo bras, and crotchless panties. She owns at least two dozen teddies that lace up from her delicious mound to her luscious breasts. She treasures her hundreds of black silk stockings that hug her long legs, held up by garters decorated with rosebuds and bows.

Jeannie takes precious care of her lingerie. But once in a blue moon, she'll take her most pristine pair of panties and defile them for me. As much as she launders her treasures, the sweet scent of her pussy still clings to them, traces of her emissions embedded in the silky fabric.

For Jeannie, putting on lingerie is the same as foreplay; it primes her body for sex. She cannot squeeze her breasts into a plunging red lace brassiere without her nipples stiffening. As soon as her pussy feels the tickle of satin, it begins to respond.

Jeannie's lingerie tells me not just that she wants me to fuck her; it tells me how. If she's in the mood to be teased, she'll slither into one of her virginal white teddies and invite me to reveal her body in tiny steps. First, her nipples, taut with sexual tension. Next, her tummy, glistening with golden down and the faint glow of wetness. Then her hips, just beginning to writhe and twitch with anticipation. Finally her pussy and its golden curls springs into view.

By the time she's fully undressed, the pink of her pussy is shiny wet. I lay her down and make love to her.

There is, however, a danger to having a lover who's a lingerie junkie.

Jeannie and I were having dinner at a popular restaurant. After sharing a platter of oysters and enjoying an after-dinner liqueur, the seduction began. Leaning over, she took my hand and guided it up her dress. My fingers, touching the crotch of her panties, told me she had been thinking naughty thoughts. Beneath the fabric, her pussy hairs were warm and wet.

"We've got to get out of here," she whispered hoarsely. "I'm horny."

We would've dashed out the door without paying our bill if a waiter hadn't walked by. I tossed my credit card on the table, took hold of Jeannie's arm and we hurried for the exit.

We almost didn't make it to the car. As we approached the parking lot, she wanted me to make love to her on the grass behind some bushes. But I persuaded her to wait. We climbed into the back seat, and she raised her dress all the way up to her waist. She opened her legs, grabbed my wrist, and pulled my hand to her crotch.

"Here," she rasped. "Fuck me."

Obediently, I rubbed her pussy, spreading her juices over her labia. She slid forward to the edge of the seat. "Do it," she groaned, and I slipped two fingers deep inside. "Oh God," she moaned, and as I started to move faster, I could feel an orgasm starting somewhere down in my own groin. Then I remembered my credit card.

"Holy shit!" I blurted out. "My credit card!"

Jeannie grumbled as I pulled my hand out of her, swung open the door, and dashed back into the restaurant. Luckily, my credit card was still on the table, with a receipt ready for me to sign. My fingers still smelling of Jeannie's pussy, I signed with receipt, put my credit card back in my purse, and raced outside to the car, where I found Jeannie playing with herself. I flung open the door.

"Save it," I said. "I'm back."

I slammed the door behind me and slid beside her. "You're a slut," I whispered in her ear, and as I started to finger-fuck her again, my own stirrings returned. I crossed my legs and squeezed as hard as I could.

Right at that moment, as I was diddling Jeannie and squeezing myself into ecstasy, somebody started tapping on the glass. I froze. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but Jeannie didn't give me a chance to decide. She was obviously in the middle of her own orgasm, grabbing my wrist and jamming my fingers harder and deeper into her coming cunt.

"Screw it!" she was screeching. "Screw me!" So I ignored the tapping and went back to work. It felt terrific, too, as I came with Jeannie, my spasms joining with hers. But then I heard a woman shriek.

"Hey bitch," said a man's voice, "do that shit in private."

Mumbling something about fucking assholes, Jeannie threw her arms around my neck and pulled me to her, kissing me and preventing me from seeing who it was who had invaded our privacy. But I was thoroughly pissed. I broke off the kiss, turned my head and shouted, "Fuck off, asshole!"

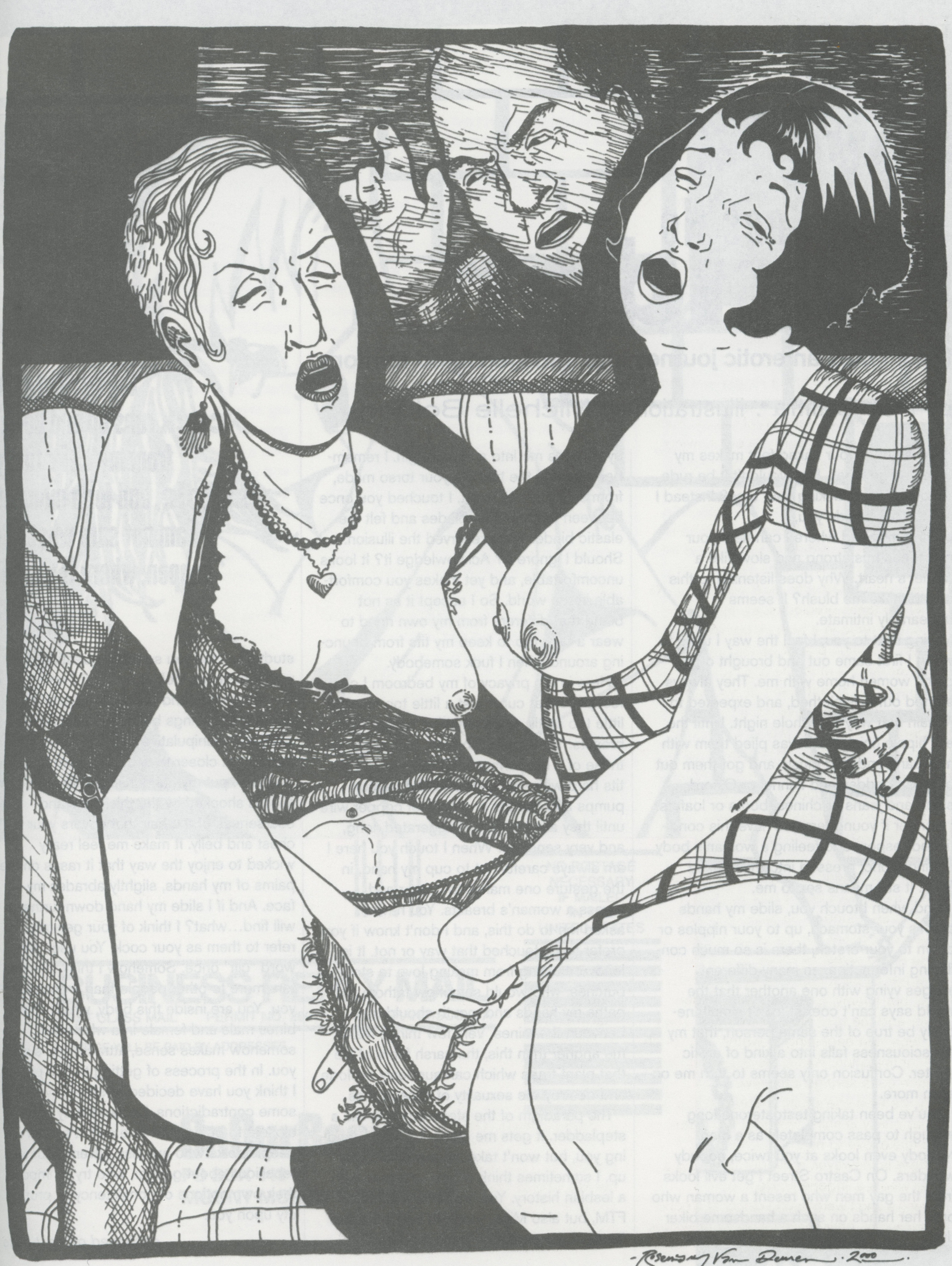
"Calm down," Jeannie whispered in my ear. "They're gone."

Unwrapping Jeannie's arm from my neck, I sat up straight and found a wet spot on my dress. I had peed my panties in the midst of my orgasm, and the mixture of coming and peeing had soaked through and onto the seat.

"Shoot," I said. "The upholstery is ruined."

Jeannie just laughed. "Don't worry about it," she said. "Here, we might as well do it on this side, too." She opened her legs wide, gathered her panties, pulling the red silk tight against herself, and started peeing. "Love it," she said. "God, it's warm. It's swishing around my clit." I could see that her panties were turning to a darker red as the pee squished into them, oozing through and seeping out, trickling between her legs.

When she was finished peeing, she pulled off her panties and told me to take off mine. I did. We cleaned each other up as best we could, and finally drove out of the parking lot and back to our apartment.



-Rosemary Van Deuren · 2000

Love Sees No Gender

Dyke takes an erotic journey into transgendered territory.

by Pat Califia . illustration by Michelle Bolong

NO mercy
pat califia

The sight of your naked feet makes my knees go weak. But wouldn't it be rude to just start sucking your toes? Instead I stretch out beside you, putting my head where I can hear your heartbeat. It is strong and slow, like a runner's heart. Why does listening to this sound make me blush? It seems unbearably intimate.

Lying next to you, I feel the way I used to when I first came out and brought older butch women home with me. They always started out fully-clothed, and expected to remain that way the whole night. Until the evil hippie chick that I was plied them with marijuana and wild music and got them out of those goddamned flannel or Oxford shirts and jeans or chinos, boots or loafers. I wonder if young femmes have this conditioned response to feeling a woman's body behind fabric, pressed into their naked flesh. It still means sex to me.

And when I touch you, slide my hands across your stomach, up to your nipples or down to your crotch, there is so much conflicting information, so many different images vying with one another that the world says can't coexist, can't simultaneously be true of the same person, that my consciousness falls into a kind of erotic stutter. Confusion only seems to turn me on even more.

You've been taking testosterone long enough to pass completely as a man. Nobody even looks at you twice, nobody wonders. On Castro Street I get evil looks from the gay men who resent a woman who puts her hands on such a handsome biker dude. Your maleness, in some people's eyes, turns me into a straight girl. I remember admiring the triangle your torso made, from shoulders to waist. I touched you once between the shoulder blades and felt the elastic binder that preserved the illusion. Should I ignore it? Acknowledge it? It looks uncomfortable, and yet makes you comfortable in the world. So I accept it as not being that different from my own need to wear a tank top to keep my tits from bouncing around when I fuck somebody.

Here in the privacy of my bedroom I can feel pecs that curve just a little too much, a little too softly, to be anything except female breasts. The nipples, though, look male, like those of a leatherman who has worked his tits hard with snakebite kits and vacuum pumps and clamps and coils of copper wire until they are swollen, exaggerated, long, and very sensitive. When I touch you here I am always careful not to cup my hand, in the gesture one makes to gather and caress a woman's breasts. You haven't asked me to do this, and I don't know if you prefer to be touched that way or not. It is leftover training from making love to stone butches, who would somehow fathom the paths my hands and mouth should take between the mines. Very few things make me angrier than this, the harsh facts of life that plant traps which can suddenly explode and destroy the sexuality of dyke bodies.

The paradigm of the stone butch is like a stepladder. It gets me closer to understanding you, but won't take me the whole way up. I sometimes think of you as a man with a lesbian history. You are female-to-male, FTM, but also Mike, yourself, and individual flavor of the category "transgendered." I study you, ask you so many questions that you sometimes look at me as if I were crazy. Do you understand that I interrogate you about these things because I see myself in you? Is it manipulative of me to court you in part to get closer to understanding myself?

When I put my hand inside your shirt, I am always shocked by the thickness and coarseness of the hair that covers your chest and belly. It make me feel really wicked to enjoy the way that it rasps on the palms of my hands, slightly abrades my face. And if I slide my hand down further, I will find…what? I think of your genitals, refer to them as your cock. You used the word "clit" once. Somehow I think this matters more to other people than it does to you. You are inside this body, which combines male and female in a whole that somehow makes sense, attracts me, suits you. In the process of getting to this place, I think you have decided to simply live with some contradictions, because they are closest to being your true self. It's other people, folks who are less adventurous or rebellious about gender, who try to impose their own notions of consistency or propriety upon you.

> **the head of your cock rubs up and down, from my clit to my asshole, and for a moment i am not sure what will happen, where it will go.**

continued on next page

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NO
mercy
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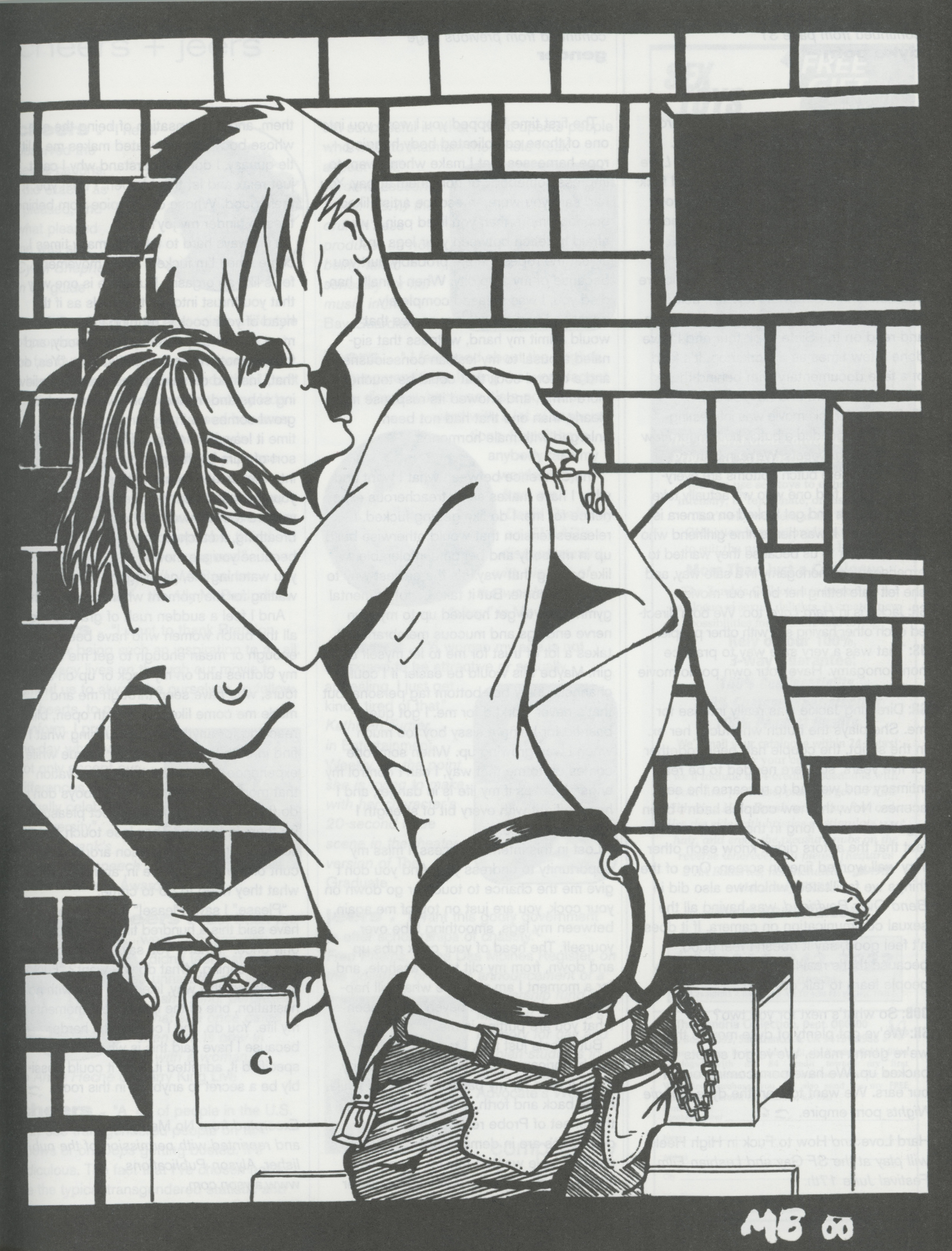
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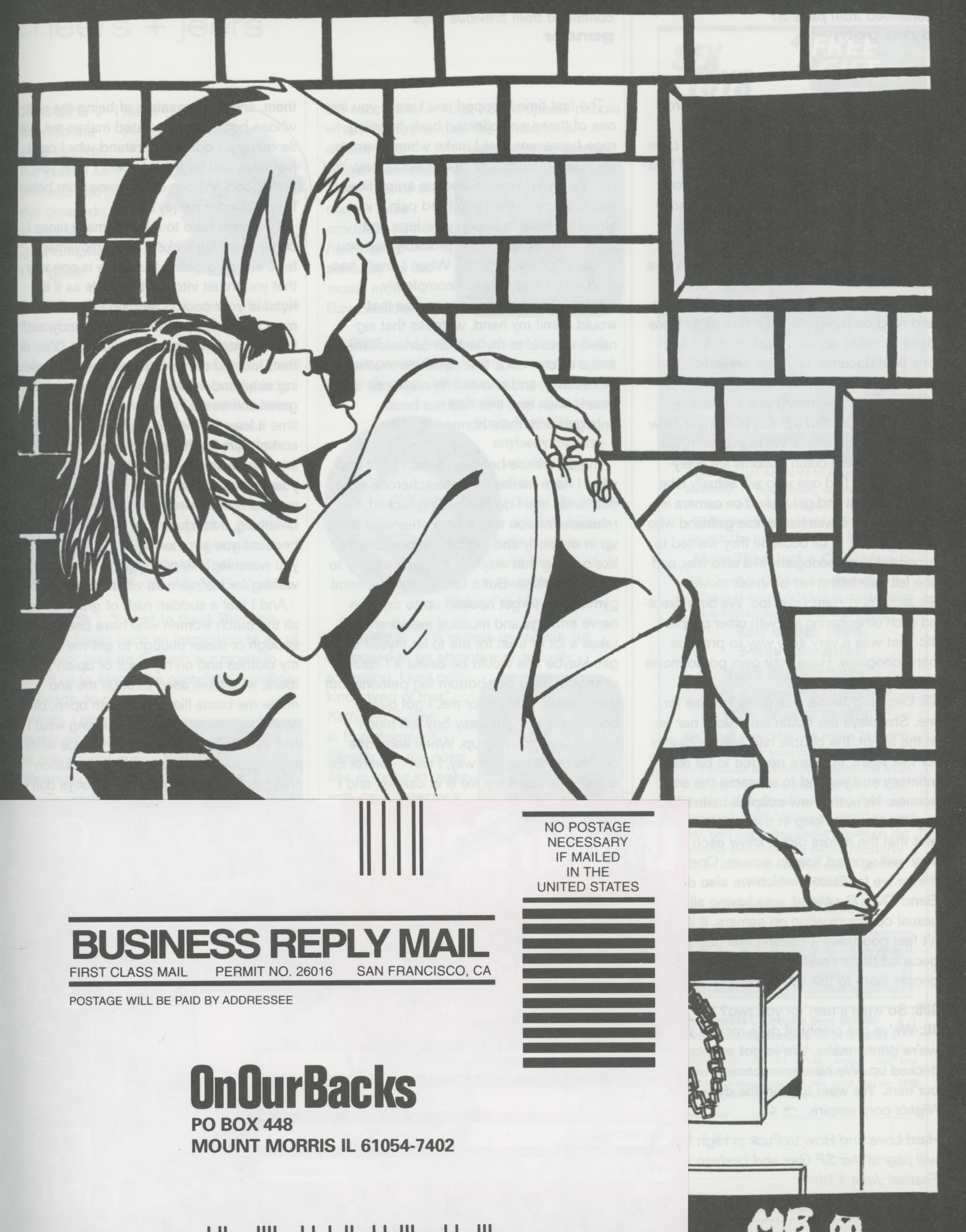

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continued from page 31

dyke porn

OOB: Tell me about your new video, *Hard Love and How to Fuck in High Heels*.

SR: It's two movies in one video. *Hard Love* is a dyke drama about going back and fucking the ex. The butch lead character goes back to help her femme ex-girlfriend move out of their old apartment, they have a whole blow-out fight and end up fucking. They each have new lovers as well who are characters in the movie. *How to Fuck in High Heels* is based on something I wrote and read on the Sister Spit tour and I have done a few times as a workshop. It's kind of a fake documentary with behind-the-scenes interviews and hot sex ed.

JS: Casting for this movie was interesting because we needed a butch bottom for *How to Fuck in High Heels*. We're in San Francisco where butch bottoms are everywhere, but to find one who will actually take off her clothes and get fucked on camera is another story. It was her femme girlfriend who presented her to us because they wanted to experience nonmonogamy in a safe way, and she felt safe letting her be in our movie.

SR: Jackie is in *Hard Love*, too. We both directed each other having sex with other people.

JS: That was a very safe way to practice nonmonogamy. Have your own porno movie and direct your lover.

SR: Directing Jackie was really intense for me. She plays the butch who fucks her ex. In the script, the couple had been together for five years, so there needed to be real intimacy and we had to rehearse the sex scenes. Now, the new couples hadn't been together for very long in the script, so the fact that the actors didn't know each other very well worked fine on screen. One of the things we facilitated, which we also did in *Bend Over Boyfriend,* was having all the sexual communication on camera. If it doesn't feel good, say it doesn't feel good, because that's real-life sex and that's how people learn to talk out loud.

OOB: So what's next for you two?

SR: We've got plenty of dyke movies that we're gonna make. We've got scripts backed up. We have porn coming out of our ears. We want to start the dyke *Boogie Nights* porn empire.

Hard Love *and* How to Fuck in High Heels *will play at the SF Gay and Lesbian Film Festival June 17th.*

continued from previous page

gender

The first time I topped you I wove you into one of those complicated body-hugging rope harnesses that I make when I want to impress somebody or hold them at bay. You had said you were an escape artist; liked bondage more than you liked pain. I was afraid to reach between your legs and adjust the ropes there. I probably hurt you because of my stupidity. When I finally handled you, I was pleased completely because I had everything: an ass that would admit my hand, wetness that signaled arousal to my lesbian consciousness, and a clitoral cock that could be touched more firmly, and showed its response more clearly, than one that had not been enlarged with male hormones.

• • •

The difference between what I want and what I have makes sex a treacherous experience for me. I do like getting fucked. It releases tension that would otherwise build up in my body and become intolerable. I like coming that way. It's the easiest way to make me come. But it takes a lot of mental gymnastics to get hooked up to my own nerve endings and mucous membranes. It takes a lot of trust for me to let myself be a girl. Maybe this would be easier if I could channel a lusty boy-bottom fag persona, but that's never worked for me. I got queer-bashed for being a sissy boy too much when I was growing up. When someone comes on to me that way, I can't control my anger. I feel as if my life is in danger, and I have to fight with every bit of strength I have, or I will die.

Lost in this internal process, I miss my opportunity to undress you. And you don't give me the chance to touch or go down on your cock, you are just on top of me again, between my legs, smoothing lube over yourself. The head of your cock rubs up and down, from my clit to my asshole, and for a moment I am not sure what will happen, where it will go. I haven't even seen what you are putting in me.

But it feels just fine. I tend to use too much lubricant. It can make things sloppy, make it hard for my partner to jack off while I rock back and forth, in and out. But this thin sheet of Probe reminds me that my own juices are in demand here; and there's plenty: I have wanted this for a long time. You move my legs, raise them, then lower them, and the sensation of being the one whose body is manipulated makes me a little queasy. I don't understand why I can't just relax and let this happen. I trust you; it feels good. Whose dusty voice from behind tries to hinder my joy?

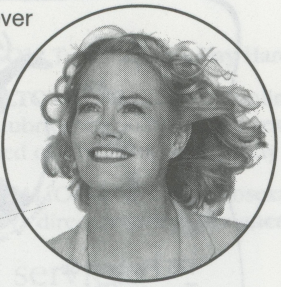
It's always hard to tell how many times I come when I'm fucked; every movement feels like an orgasm. But there is one way that you thrust into me that feels as if the head of your cock is rubbing against the most sensitive spot in my whole body, and for that motion I find myself saying, "Yes, do that," instead of making incoherent unbelieving sobs and moans. Sometimes a good growl comes up in my throat, but by the time it leaves my tongue it has turned into a sort of purr, big happy kitty digging claws into the sheets. I want to kiss or lick or bite your neck, but I can't get enough traction, you are too far away. All I can hear is your breathing, it catches from time to time to because you are moving fast and hard. I feel you watching me, gauging my response, waiting for the moment when it is enough.

And I feel a sudden rush of gratitude for all the butch women who have been patient enough or mean enough to get me out of my clothes and on my back or up on all fours, who have seen through me and made me come like this, mouth open, blind, reaching for anything and crushing what I find in both hands, crying for rescue while I experience the closest thing to salvation that mortals have on earth. Bioboys don't do this. There's too much direct pleasure for them in fucking. They lose touch, at some point, with the person around the cunt or the ass they are in, and they do what they need to do to come.

"Please," I say. "Please!" It seems to me I have said this a hundred times. You respond only once. "What?" you say, sounding a little angry, meaning, What do you want? "Fuck me, please, this way, like that," I cry with no hesitation, one of the few honest moments in my life. You do, and I come even harder because I have said this is what I want, specified it, admitted it. As if it could possibly be a secret to anybody in this room.

Excerpted from No Mercy *by Pat Califia and reprinted with permission of the publisher, Alyson Publications, www.alyson.com.*

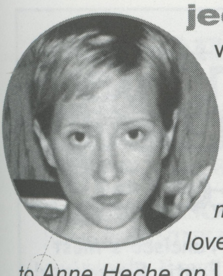
cheers + jeers



cheers . "I never observed the sexual canons. I did exactly as I pleased, and what pleased me was sex." *Cybill Shepherd in* TV guide

jeers . "I suppose I associate a lifestyle of promiscuity with bisexuality. It might not be fair but I do. I suppose I'm insecure that a bisexual man has sexual needs that I can't fulfill. I suppose I'm worried about my kids being teased because of their father's sexuality–I suppose I'm worried about diseases. I suppose, in the end I'm far more homophobic than I ever imagined." *Ally McBeal on the* Ally McBeal *show*

cheers . "I want to thank Brandon Teena for being such an inspiration to as all. His legacy lives on through our movie to remind us to always be ourselves, to follow our hearts, to not conform. I pray for the day when we will not only accept our differences, but we actually celebrate our diversity." *Hilary Swank's acceptance speech at the* Academy Awards



jeers . "But when you were with men, you didn't feel that was unnatural, did you?" *Larry King, perplexed that she once dated men and is now in love with a woman, to Anne Heche on* Larry King Live

cheers . "A lot of people in the U.S. only see transgendered people on talk shows or on *Cops* getting busted. It's ridiculous. The fact that I've chosen not to be the typical transgendered statistic and am successful in what I do, it upsets people who want to maintain the whole freak aspect of it." *Jordana Lesesne (a.k.a. 1.8.7.) the drum'n'bass producer on not being taken seriously for her music in the* Bay Guardian

jeers . " I feel good about the English Language and I like having the word faggot at my disposal, because it's a powerful word with a lot of associations. I won't have anybody take my words away from me." *David Duchovny on GLAAD's disappointment with his use of the words "fag" and "sissy" in* Movieline

cheers . "A woman my age is not supposed to be attractive or sexually appealing. I just get kinda tired of that." *Kathleen Turner, in* Entertainment Weekly, *on the point she is trying to make with her character's 20-second nude scene in the theater version of* The Graduate

jeers . "I want this goofy government to offer scholarships of chastity." *Fred Phelps, in the* Des Moines Register, *on the governor of Iowa's announcement of a scholarship fund in Matthew Shepard's memory for gay and lesbian students in Iowa, on the* Advocate's *Web site*

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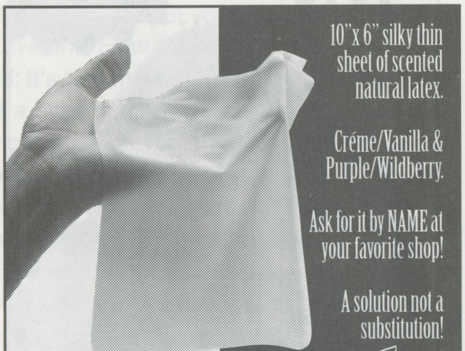

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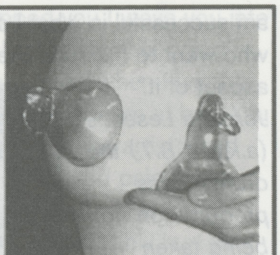

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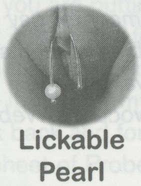

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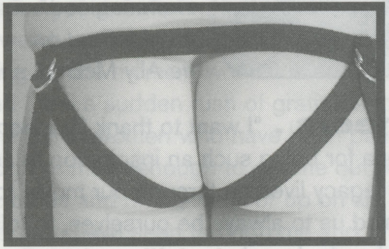

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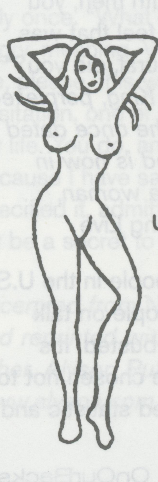

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What's your **Sexiest** body part?

complied by Lindsay McClune

Hip Hugger

My hips are my favorite body part and the most pronounced set of hips I've ever seen (5'5" inches of curves): hard-boned handles under pliant, grabbable flesh. They swell out of high-sided bikini bottoms, hitch up short skirts, and they get stuck in subway turnstiles. I could jut you in the groin with one and you would hurt for days. *Luz*

Mind Fuck

My brain. I can have sex with gods and mermen *in my head*. I will never forget the night I was a Greek madam and made love to a fisherman on the beach under a full moon. In our living room. To hell with plane tickets. *Donna*

Hand job

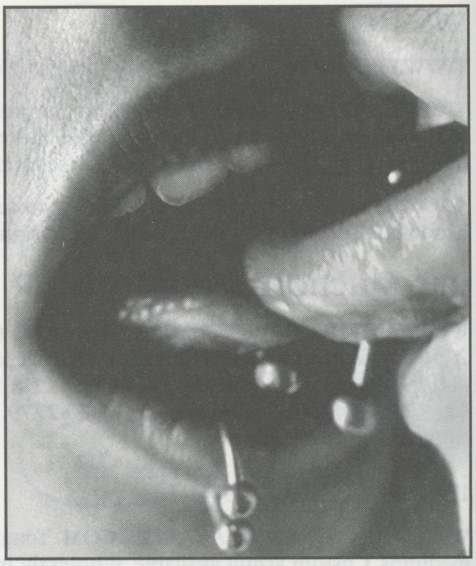
My favorite body part is hands. I love to look at a woman's hand and notice if the fingers are long and thin, short and fat, big boned, small boned, soft or hard skinned. But for me to imagine them entering me, nice, neat, trimmed, and short fingernails are a must. *Susan*

Leg-alicious

My legs are my favorite body part for a couple of reasons. They are one of my few parts that haven't been plagued by gravity, and they still look good in a skirt and go-go boots. *Kathy*

Spank Me

People tend to think the sexiest part of me is my cleavage: with about eight inches worth, there's certainly a lot to love! But I think my sexiest body part is my butt. It's slim and boyish, yet full and well-rounded. Having it touched and kneaded or slapped and spanked feels so lovely. *Jo*



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Tongue Teaser

My tongue is, no doubt, my sexiest body part. So many lesbians talk endlessly of hands. How stereotypical. I don't give a shit if I never get another lesbian handjob. But if I never get eaten out again, I'll just throw in the lesbian towel now. There is nothing like my hard-assed, wet, slobbery tongue gyrating in my girlfriend's mouth, ear, and cunt—not to mention lapping up puddles of pussy juice! *Carrie*

Mouth to Muff

My mouth is my sexiest body part. I kiss my lover, and tease her, exploring her mouth with mine, before moving on to neck and nipples, nibbling, kissing, sucking on all parts. Yum! *Carmen*

Shoulder Play

My shoulders definitely have to be my sexiest body part. Whether you are a strapping butch, or a submissive girlie-girl, strong, powerful shoulders are a must to massage orally or physically, while taking it or giving it. *Elena*

Belly-Up

My belly is the fucking hottest thing in the whole world. I always wear short shirts so that my belly pokes on out of my shirt. That way people can get glimpses of my hairy happy trail (I've got hair from my belly button to my pussy). When my girlfriend and I get all hot and heavy, she likes to rub her cunt all over my belly, spreading her juices on it to claim her territory. Then I have to smell her for the rest of the day. *Jay*

tell us! where's your favorite place to masturbate? Let us know by July 01, 2000, and we'll send you a free issue. Write **On Our Backs** 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax 415-648-4705, e-mail onourbacks@onourbacksmag.com

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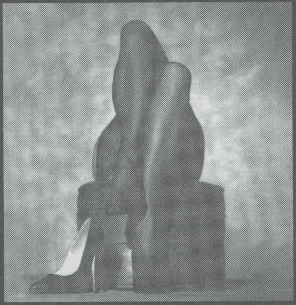

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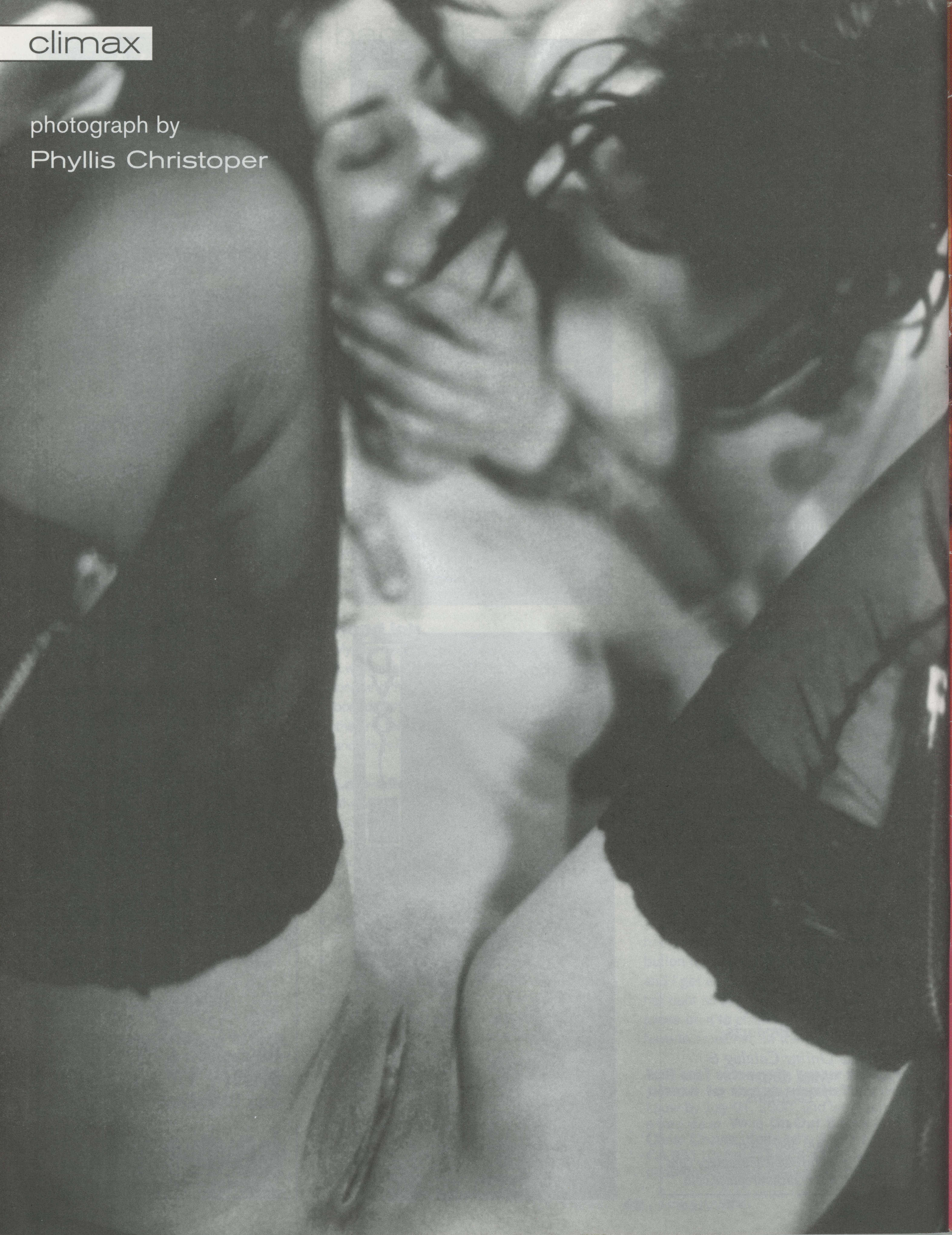

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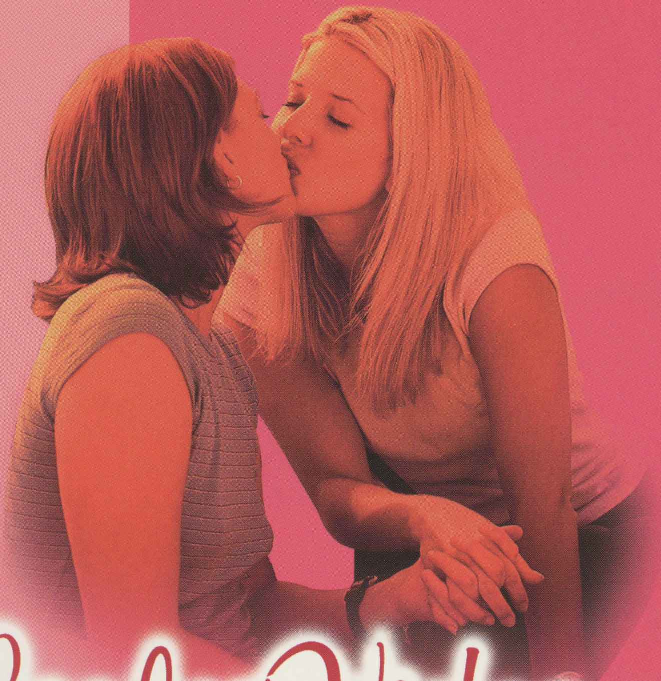

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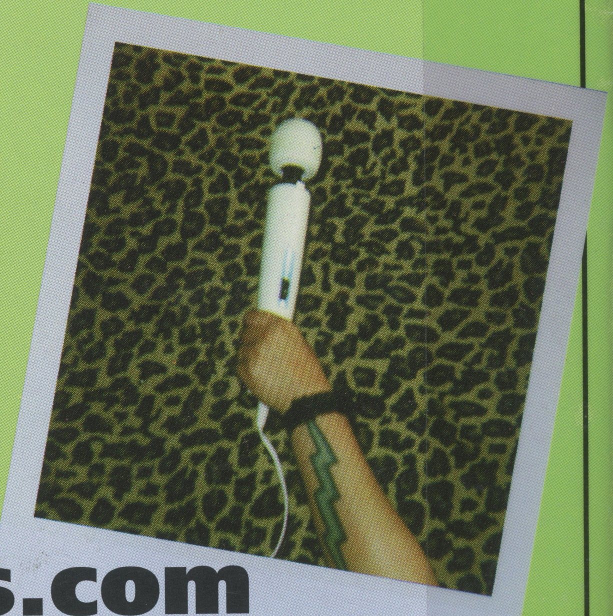

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